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Diaz the Dictator



A Story













DIAZ THE DICTATOR

A Story of International
Intrigue and Politics

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER

Author of "The Friar's Daughter"
to which this is a sequel



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The Truth of the Story

I BELIEVE this story is true in the same sense that Shakespeare's historical plays are true, that is, it is interpreting history rather than writing it. It is admitted that conversation is invented in order to bring out certain points; but Shakespeare invented conversation. It is admitted that events are sometimes put out of their real order of occurrence, and sometimes several occurrences are made to appear in one action; but Shakespeare did this when he thought it desirable in order to develop a climax or prevent there being too many scenes. It is admitted that fictitious names are used, and sometimes the experiences of several are ascribed to one person, thus making a composite character; but Shakespeare introduced composite characters and even fictitious characters into his historical plays. Nevertheless, it is believed that this, like Shakespeare's historical plays, is in a sense truer than history itself. It considers the racial and hereditary instincts of the actors, which things hardly come within the perview of history.

The object of this story is to help awaken a sentiment that will lead to the overthrow, not only of Diazism, but also of all exploitation. It is as wicked for capitalists and rulers to kill and rob others by process of law as it is for the burglar and highwayman to kill and rob contrary to law. Yet this does not single out Diaz as the one criminal of his age. They who prepare for war in any country, they who maintain a system of exploitation, may well defend Diaz, for they are one with him. Yet, for the very reason that I recognize that many who champion the present system of exploitation and oppression are good at heart and do some meritorious things, I am free to accord to Diaz merit in some lines and many personal virtues coupled with his rotten public life. He is not wholly to blame even for his crimes, for the reason that they who crucified Christ were not wholly to blame. "They know not what they do."

Men of this class have also done a needful work.

They are barbarians and criminals of course, but if there was not room for them—indeed, if there was not need for them at this time—they would not have been here. Some day the world will not tolerate them, but so long as they remain their right to be here is as well attested as the right of the weed and the wild beast to be here.

They probably think themselves right, and imagine their deeds are meritorious. And, despite their exploitation and oppression, they have helped to develop the world to the point where they become unnecessary. There can be no question as to how the future will regard them, but they should be credited with the good qualities and intentions which they really possess, just as the slave holder is entitled to credit for some good qualities and just as the barbarians of Alarec's time possessed certain virtue or strength.

Men will at the present excuse or accuse according as their personal interest lies or their temperament dictates. The man who is financially interested in the Diaz regime can excuse the severity recorded as necessary owing to peculiar conditions. On the other hand, the man who would profit from a change will see in Diaz a bloody tyrant who ought to be overthrown. Again, one person will see in the revolutionist a patriot, and another will think him a demagogue, according to the viewpoint, just as one person will see in Shakespeare's Brutus a patriot and another think him a rogue, or as one will think his character of Cæsar a tyrant and another fancy him as a colossus.

The abuses in the church recorded here are matters of record, just as they were when Shakespeare showed them in his play, and the revelation of these things in this story is no more an attack on religion itself than the story of Woolsey in Shakespeare is an attack on religion.

Then this story is truer than history, not only that it presents several viewpoints instead of only one viewpoint, but also because it reveals causes—the development of industry, the change of methods—which inspired the acts of those at the head of things and brought disaster to the victims. Under such a treatment of the subject men become mere exponents of ideas and creatures of time's de-

velopment. Is Diaz either a great man or a bloodthirsty tyrant? Then it is because conditions made him so, and had he not been on hand to be moulded to that shape, another would have been. Are millions in Mexico ground into worse than slavery? It is inevitable that it should be so, not because of fatalism or foreordination, but because, through a peculiar train of circumstances, feudalism there met advanced capitalism, the Anglo-Saxon met the Spaniard and Indian, and peonage was logical to these combinations. Were the Indians maltreated and run extinct in Mexico? Admirers of Diaz, investors in Mexico, may show that this was logical and that the same thing happened in the United States. It was hurried more in Mexico merely because capitalism had developed to the point where it was more powerful and assertive when it entered Mexico than it was when it invaded the Indian land in the states.

In brief, in this book I neither attack or defend Diaz. I neither attack nor defend the churchmen who engage in politics. I do stand in defense of the Bible and of real religion. I do believe that evil destroys itself and good succeeds at last. By the logic of development in Mexico, I argue that peonage must come to America. By the fact that the hierarchy has mixed with politics in other lands and other ages, I argue that conditions will cause it to do so, even more than at the present, in the United States, and that disaster will follow this action here as everywhere. But, by the logic of faith that good will triumph and that the evil has in itself germs of its own destruction, I know that Diazism and the creator of Diazism, capitalism, will both pass away, and the church when banished from politics will be able to the better forward religion. So soon as it ceases to be to one's material interest to see as good these things I picture, they will cease to have defenders, and, while being then understood and partially excused as being logical to the times, they will be listed as evidences of barbarism.

This story, or rather, the last five chapters or fifth act of the drama, is a sequel to "The Friar's Daughter." Two of the leading characters of that book enter at this point

and carry forward policies and plans which began in the story of the Philippines.

In preparing this story I have drawn from recognized history; from stenographic reports of the trial of Lincoln's assassins; from papers of several presidents of the United States; from Carlo de Fornado's book; from writings of Shoaf, Murray and Turner; from the Border Magazine and various newspaper and magazine articles; and from personal interviews with numerous Mexican revolutionists and residents of Mexico. It is recognized that the first widely read revelation of conditions in Mexico was made by the Appeal to Reason. Without boasting, it was partly my sensing of those conditions and their effect on the future of America which led the Appeal into making the exposures.

C. L. PHIFER,
Associate Editor Appeal to Reason.

Diaz the Dictator

CHAPTER I.

MEXICO, THE LAND OF MANANA.

“MANANA,” the people of Mexico would say. That meant tomorrow. The present was a dream to them; tomorrow they meant to do things.

And Mexico had been as in a dream, a romance from the beginning. There was something unreal in the story of the olden Aztecs who lived in a communal plenty, ruled over by an absolute lord; in the ceremony in which the naked ruler rolled in golden sand until he glittered in the sun, and then washed the wealth off in the river; in the hill of shouting, the great pyramid from which the Inca proclaimed his laws. There was something wierd in the story of the founding of the City of Mexico—how the wandering Indians traveled far, looking for the sign of an eagle devouring a snake as a signal for them to build; how at last the sign appeared in the midst of a lake; how they drove piles in the lake where the eagle had been seen, building huts on them and building land around them; how after three centuries they filled the lake and erected the City of Mexico which Cortez saw and conquered. There was something sinister in the rite performed yearly on the summit of the pyramid; a youth and his sweetheart, knowing nothing of their impending fate, were given all the money they wished and each permitted to be happy for a year in travel or as he or she desired, apart; then they were wed, and on the second day, when they were supposed to be as happy as mankind can be, they were escorted to the pyramid; there the priests struck the youth to death, and, opening his bosom, tore the yet quivering heart out as an offering to their deity—a happy human heart.

“That,” said a writer later on, “was a symbol showing

how the Indian, Diaz the Dictator, was to tear the heart from happy Mexico and offer it to the god of gold."

But now Mexico was dreaming, and knew not her fate. The very conquest of the city by the leather-buskinéd Spaniards, mounted on horses that the Indians called gods, and driving the unresisting people by thousands to the river until their bodies clogged the channel, was like a dream. There was the unreality of a dream in the few horses and the long-horned cattle, escaped from the Spaniards, pressing to the north and breeding there great herds of ponies and mavericks for future men of a differing race to lasso and brand.

And at this time life was a dream, a projected shadow of the old world and a past century on a screen of the new. Think of the Spaniards ruling the new land after feudal ideas. Rich dons who had seized the land and made serfs of the natives, living in sleepy ease and the luxury of the Orient. Taking *siestas* each day. Seizing, when their lust dictated, the daughters of the poor; grasping by force of arms the property of the weak. Priests more numerous than merchants; churches in greater abundance than real homes, the homes of the dons; churches built with great towers that contained living rooms for the families of the bell-ringers who were on duty half their time, keeping up a constant clamor and clangor of bells, the quivering towers being homes of—

“The people—ah, the people,
They who dwelt up in the steeple.”

Religious processions by day and night, often meeting each other, blocking the street and fighting for possession of them. Priests who served, and priests who openly drank and whored.

Mexico was a republic, too. But Santa Anna took a long *siesta* after his unsuccessful effort to prevent Uncle Sam from stealing his territory. He made no effort to suppress the bandits who thronged the frontier. He permitted the mayors, the *jefes políticos*, and the governors to rule after feudal methods, seizing the property they coveted. Occasionally one of the dons would dream a dream,

an ambition to become president, and with all the forces he could muster would seek to seize the office—in a republic, you remember—and it required all the energy the long-time president Santa Anna could summon to repel these onslaughts against his prerogatives. There were no railroads in Mexico. The western frontier was an unknown region occupied by Indians who lived in peace, cultivated their fields and enjoyed plenty and a measure of civilization. Yet Mexico had her “foreign possessions.” The Philippine Islands belonged to her because a Mexican priest had taken possession of them, and was paying tribute at once to the Spanish dons of Mexico, the king of Spain and the Church of Rome.

So lay the land of *Manana*—sleeping today, waiting to act tomorrow.

CHAPTER II.

TAMING THE COLT.

“PORFIRIO!”

A youth with shaggy black hair, low brow, and bright beady eyes, came from around the corner of the house at the call.

“Hold the colt while I teach him who is master here.”

The boy seized the halter and braced himself for the tug which he knew was coming. The father, a Spaniard who had been a priest but who had of late years made his living by trading in horses and breaking the wildest of the colts, seized a chain-whip, at the end of which was fastened a small spiked ball, and began laying it to the refractory colt. As the blows fell they brought blood, and the horse snorted and reared and tugged. But Porfirio hung to the halter with a tenacity which brooked no defeat, while his father lashed the plunging animal until he was worn out with the work of it. Then the colt stood bleeding and trembling with bloodshot eyes, straining at the rope, completely cowed. The boy was flushed and his beady eyes danced with the excitement.

“Lead him away, Porfirio; I think he has learned his lesson.” The lad led the thoroughly terrified colt to a shed and tied it, giving it some feed. At the same time he rubbed salt in its wounds and laughed when the animal winced.

From here he wandered around the barn to the shady side where there was a cock of hay. On it he spied his younger brother Felix lying asleep. Porfirio laughed. He was planning a joke on Felix and enjoyed it in advance of its perpetration. Going into the barn, he emerged with a powder horn, and then, bending over his sleeping brother, he poured the wide, half-Indian nostrils full of the grains. A moment later he struck a match and applied it to the powder. There was a sound of hissing, then a dull explosion, and Felix sprang to his feet with a scream, his

face a mass of blood and shredded flesh. His nose had been blown away. It was more severe than Porfirio had anticipated, and, in fear of punishment, he started to sneak away. As he did so, his father, the horse-trading priest, came around the corner and confronted him. The man still had the chain whip in his hand. He was quick of perception in a way, and equally quick of action. In a flash he knew what had happened, and with a movement almost as rapid raised his whip and brought it down over the shoulders of the son. Blow followed blow. Blood streamed from the face and hands of the youth, and his beady eyes glittered, but he neither whimpered or cried for mercy.

When he was bleeding freely the mother, an Indian of some refinement and feeling, being of the old Aztec blood, came on the scene. She saw both sons bleeding, and the father, her husband, with the cruel chain-whip up-raised over Porfirio, and supposed that in a fit of temper the man had been flogging both. With a cry of anguish she rushed in, and, grasping the whip, tore it from his hands. With an oath, the man doubled his fist and struck her full in the face. As she fell on the ground he walked away.

The mother got up, and, forgetful of herself, ministered to her two wounded sons. In the course of her work she learned how Felix had come by his wound that was destined to disfigure him for life, and turned reproachful eyes on Porfirio. It was to her greater sorrow than to feel the father had lacerated both, for it showed her that Porfirio had inherited the disposition of the father who had made her life a sorrow and terror. Tears came into her eyes and she groaned aloud.

That night Porfirio could not sleep. It was not so much the pain of his wounds that kept him from slumber, for he had learned to despise suffering; but the look in his mother's face troubled him. He felt he could not face her. To avoid this he planned to run away, not realizing that this action would only make her sorrow greater. He knew only that he had hurt her and wanted to get away so he would hurt her no more. In the morning she pre-

pared breakfast and called him, but he came not. The father seized his whip and started for the bed, but Porfirio escaped the lash this time, for he could not be found.

CHAPTER III.

THE PEOR ES NADA.

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ marched proudly at the head of his regiment. He was commander of fifty boys like himself and had assumed the title of general, which was duly accorded him by the people. This was on account of his youth and because it was regarded as a play regiment. The army he commanded was called the *Peor es Nada*, which meant "worse than nothing." But the boys took themselves very seriously. They had the military spirit and were rebellious against nearly everything. The general with the shock of black hair and beady bright eyes preached revolt against the government and against the church, against the aristocratic *jefes politicos*, against the Americans who were beginning to invade Mexico for business purposes, and talked loudly of Mexico for the Mexicanment. The army he commanded was called the *Peor es Nada*, the aristocrats ignored it, the priests took it in sports, but the people, while not daring to revolt themselves, understood the need of reform, and rather encouraged the play-war of the boys.

At that time Mexico was religious to the point of being burdensome. There was a church or a convent in every block. Somewhere church bells were ringing at all hours. Processions were constantly parading the streets. The devout Mexican could not find time from his religious obligations for the duties of making a living. The most ardent Catholics were dissatisfied with the multiplicity of church services and were ready to protest. They would not themselves revolt, but they were willing to lend encouragement to the boys in their protest. The police soldiers of the *jefe politicos* would sometimes chase the *Peor es Nada*, and there would be bloodless battles in which clubs and the flat of swords would be used, and these exercises kept the boys wrought up with the feeling that they were real soldiers. Yet, though both tolerated and

encouraged, the youth found many of the hardships of real warfare. In that warm climate it was not so hard to sleep out, and the fact that they did made the play seem more real to them; but their uniforms were rags, their arms were discarded weapons which would hardly serve for killing the game that helped to supply their commissary; yet they hung together and half starved for several years, marching from one state to another, preaching revolt, fighting among themselves, Don Quixotes of a latter day. For the most part they were boys who had no parents or who had left home on account of abuse and who were not missed when gone. In any other country or at any other time they would have been as impossible as they were incongruous. But in the Spanish-American countries where bandits were common and where something of feudal conditions yet prevailed, it was not only possible but became a fact.

Then came the first serious adventure of the boys. They were toiling up a mountain one day with General Porfirio Diaz in the lead. Their purpose was to capture the bandit Oragan, who, with his followers, had been waylaying travelers and robbing them of their possessions, sometimes capturing some and holding them for ransom. The *Peor es Nada* were wearily plodding along under the broiling sun when there was the click of a gun hammer just ahead of them, accompanied with the sharp command, "Halt!"

"Halt!" commanded General Diaz, and the company came to a standstill, while some sank on the grass at the side of the road to rest during the parley which they felt to be inevitable.

From behind a clump of bushes just ahead, a man in gaudy velvet, red sash, and monster sombrero, stepped into the road and examined the boys quizzically. He was joined by others of his party.

"Pretty hungry, aren't you, boys?" asked the chief of the bandits.

"Almost famished," responded one of the boys eagerly.

"Silence!" commanded General Diaz. "Let me do the parleying."

Diaz, yet a mere boy, was severe as his father had been severe. His roving, beady eyes saw everything, and he was prone like a flash to launch himself on a recalcitrant, swift as a cat on her prey, and with a heavy paw. They feared him as the colt had learned to fear his father. There were no further interruptions.

The bandit chieftain bowed. "Now that you have captured us, General Diaz," he said, "it seems to me the best thing to be done is to sample our commissary."

"If you insist," replied the general, as his eyes gleamed.

"Of course. Sit down and rest while dinner is in preparation."

The bandit gave a command to one of his men, who departed for camp to see that dinner was prepared. Then he remarked:

"It seems to me that you are not making much out of your patriotism."

General Diaz glanced at his uniform, and straightened with pride. "We endure hardships," he said, "like good soldiers. When we shall have obtained liberty for the people, then we will have our reward."

"Certainly. You are to be president of Mexico, I presume?"

"Do you think I deserve the honor?"

"Who could deserve it more than one who has struggled long, as you have done? You are the first in the field, and I name you for president of Mexico."

General Diaz flushed with pleasure, and his beady eyes fairly glittered.

"It was a good thing you captured us when you did," resumed the bandit. "It may be several years before the tyranny is overthrown and you become president, and in the meantime we can see that you do not lack for clothing, food or shelter. I shall take pleasure in helping to supply the future president and his army."

"But you are a bandit."

"Merely a name. My business is to levy tribute off of foreigners who may come to Mexico for the purpose

of levying tribute of profits from our countrymen. I am fighting the same battle you are, only in a different way. After awhile the people will be ready to fight and then I shall join you and we will battle shoulder to shoulder. It is the wise thing to join our forces now. In warfare foraging is not robbery."

"I hadn't thought of that," mused General Diaz, much impressed.

"So henceforth we are to fight together. I will see that you and your valorous army do not suffer, and when you become president of Mexico, you are to remember the good turn we have served you. What say you, boys?"

The rank and file of the *Peor es Nada* was about to break into applause as a sign of approval, but General Diaz checked them. They were afraid to disobey him, for the son of the man who wielded the chain-whip was a strong disciplinarian.

"It is proposed that we fight for Mexican freedom with these men here, and maintain ourselves from tributes levied off of foreigners. They are to fight our battles, and when I become president of Mexico I shall remember all who fought the battles of their country. All who favor this arrangement by which we become victors, salute."

The entire company held up their hands.

General Diaz called his company into marching form, and when they were so arranged, saluted Oragan, the bandit.

"We are ready," he said.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIBUTE TAKERS.

AT A CERTAIN PERIOD in the history of Mexico bandits were prevalent. It was at the same periods when road agents were holding up stages in the sparsely-settled regions of the United States. But the Mexican bandit was a different type of individual and was regarded differently from the American highwayman. The one was an outlaw, hiding in the fastnesses and nearly always ending his life at the hands of officers of the law, or at the end of a rope in the hands of vigilantes. The other was a picturesque individual, more or less respected by the common people, levying tribute off the rich in defiance of the government.

Mexicans were oppressed from two sources. The *jefes políticos*, or mayors, had a playful way of paying their debts by sending out soldiers who were supposed to serve them as individuals, and who compelled the populace to pay tribute to their masters; and the Catholic priesthood exacted tithes, beside all the free-will offerings it could obtain. The mayors lived luxuriously and often licentiously; it is said that many of them were addicted to the habit of seizing on whatever woman pleased their fancy, compelling her to serve their wish; and there was no redress. The priests claimed to live in seclusion, poverty, and chastity, but it was rumored that they had secret passages from conventos to nunneries; and that fat old monks were feasting and drinking together when it was supposed that they were fasting and praying in secret. Popular fancy whispered of priceless treasures which they had hidden in the secret ways built by the Indians, who, after their work, were banished to Yucatan, or perchance walled in the caves they had dug. Fifty years after the period mentioned, historic Alamo in Texas was found to be connected by underground passages with monasteries

eight miles away! Houston and Crockett might have escaped had they known.

Priest and mayor levied tribute from the poor, sometimes exacting all they had. But the bandits laid their tribute on the rich, giving to the poor in their need. It is small wonder the poor considered them as less reprehensible than mayors and priests, warning them of danger and receiving them as friends. Rustic dances were attended by bandits gorgeously robed and adorned, who were favorites with the girls because of their appearance, their dash and romance that attached to them. Often the young women were persuaded to accompany bandit lovers to the mountains. There were few of the bandits who did not have a mistress; and the secret places of the mountains were scenes of revelry and of unbridled love.

Foremost in the levying of tribute, boldest in love, and most feared and honored of the gentry of the highway, was Porfirio Diaz. His brother, Felix, called the flat-nosed, Chato, was with the band now, but was not so popular on account of his lacerated and unsightly nose. The *Peor es Nada* had lost significance and place in memory.

The mistress of Diaz was as faithful to him as though she had been truly his wife. She believed in him, and not only taught him letters, but also told him many things from history, giving him lessons in decorum, self-restraint and in practical politics. Never had he another such adviser. She bore him a daughter, and to his credit be it said that he never disowned the offspring of their love. Under the belief his mistress had taught him that a great man should be personally virtuous, he wrote out, signed, and carried with him the following pledge:

“I will from this on abstain from gambling.

“I will not drink mescal or use tobacco.

“I will not waste my time in attending bull fights or cock fights.

“I will be president of Mexico.”

“Porfirio,” said Oragan to the man who, according to his tale, had captured an entire bandit gang, “when you

are president are you going to have us hung? If we get you to the office that would hardly be fair."

Another person would have jested over the matter and threatened Oragan, but Porfirio could not view this subject save in a serious light, so he answered:

"You are no worse than the priests and the *jeffe politicos*, and they have political power."

"Good," returned Oragan. "I take it, then, that you mean to appoint us to office and give us land. How would I look as a respectable owner of a *hacienda*?"

"I don't know as to office," said Diaz guardedly, "but if you should fight for me so as to make me president, it seems that you would be entitled to a place as government soldiers."

"That is kind," replied the bandit. "Of course we, being bandits, are not worthy of office like that we expected to give you. Your terms are liberal, Porfirio. I will speak to my friends concerning our plans."

He did speak to other bandits, and great was the merriment over the aspirations and liberality of the future president. The jests that were made at his expense served to pass the time; but Diaz took them seriously, and as they deferred to him and spread his fame among all the bandits, he assumed new dignity, for his dream seemed to be working to fulfillment.

CHAPTER V.

REVOLUTION.

IN A COUNTRY where bandits and mayors did as they pleased, of course there were revolutions. Many who were ambitious for political power gathered together a few friends, bought discarded arms in the United States and made effort to seize the reins of power. Santa Anna was not able to repel the invading army of Uncle Sam or to prevent the taking away of a large slice of Mexico's territory; but it was not difficult to quell these rebellions, seeing that most of them were so puerile as to be scarcely heard of by the masses of the people. Yet in the end, the repeated attacks, coupled with accumulating age, doubtless weakened the once virile general, Santa Anna.

It was inevitable that sometime a successful revolution must come. Feudal ways, though existing under form of a republic where the president apparently had life tenure, was giving way all over the world before a growing capitalism. In the United States this capitalism was even at that time beginning to grapple with chattel slavery; and in Mexico, even, there was growing dissatisfaction which was certain, some day, to flower into change.

So when Benito Jaurez inaugurated his rebellion the old apathy which had characterized previous attempts gave way to public interest. Perhaps it was because Jaurez was recognized both as a patriot and a man of vigor—qualities other revolutionists did not possess; perhaps the dissatisfaction was riper because of the passage of time; perhaps it was because of the action taken by the bandit chieftains.

It happened in this way: After the rebellion of Jaurez was under way Oragan said to his men:

“Our time has come to deliver Mexico from her petty oppressors and to become patriots and respectable. I have been consulting with other of our chiefs, and we are all of one mind. We think it is our duty to join Benito Jaurez and make him president of Mexico.”

"*Si, señor,*" said the other bandits, "we are ready." All but Porfirio Diaz. He flushed and hotly said: "I thought I was to be made president of Mexico."

Oragan's eyes twinkled with humor as he answered: "So you are, Porfirio; but not now. Juarez comes first."

"And why is that?" bellowed Diaz.

"Well, for one thing, you will promise only to make us soldiers. Juarez will do better than that."

Diaz sneered: "I suppose you would want me to take the lands from the priests and give them to you."

"*Si, señor,*" roared the bandits in unison, thoroughly enjoying the situation.

"And make outlawry respectable; and let you levy tribute off the people by law, and take to yourselves every woman who pleased you."

"*Si, señor,*" screamed the company,

"And have you dictating to me what I should do, while I stood with my hands tied before you?"

"*Si, señor,*" again roared the bandits.

Diaz's lips curled in scorn and he hissed at them: "Traitors!"

The bandits laughed. But Oragan became conciliatory.

"Porfirio," he said, "you cannot step a mile at a stride. The people would not permit a bandit to become president. Let us seat Juarez in the chair, then he will appoint us all to high offices, and from that place, with our help, you can easily step into the place you wish. It is only a short wait and the only practical thing to do."

Diaz sulked. He even wept, while his beady eyes glittered. But his mistress, wise as she was faithful, advised him to yield for the present.

"Perhaps," said she, "you will climb over the others during the war. At least you may become acquainted with the rich and the powerful, and, if wisely used, such acquaintance is valuable."

"But it means a long wait."

"Patience, Porfirio. If you should gain anything with-

out preparation for it, you would not know how to handle it. You must study, and war shall be your school."

Diaz yielded to her wisdom, and joined the bandits when they espoused the cause of Juarez and the people. It was the first time all the bandits had been thrown together in interest; it gave them training in the rules of war. It made them patriots in the sight of the aroused people, and all their past faults were forgotten in the light of their popular service. Diaz was still too crude, too much of a savage, to especially distinguish himself, yet he did the service of a faithful hitter; and, what none of the other bandits did, he kept his roving, beady eyes open and was learning. The lay of the country, the manners and ways of the various classes, the advantages that might be taken of natural resources, all came under his observation. His faithful mistress accompanied him and taught him!

"You must keep the bandits scattered, lest they become a menace to you," she told him once; "but wisely used as soldiers they will some day serve you as they now serve Juarez." And Diaz remembered.

"When you become president," she said again, "you must make the ambitious your servants, by appointing them to office; and that the heads of the parties and factions be given equal power so that they may defeat each other and so strengthen you."

"If you would be always powerful, get money," she advised again. "Then, though you may lose your office, you can say who shall be president. You must also see that they praise you in the churches and the papers, for these are strong influences to either make or spoil a reputation. If any attack you—"

But Diaz interrupted. He said: "I will tame them with a loaded whip as father tamed the colt."

CHAPTER VI.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

IN HIS CAMPAIGN, Diaz met Pablo Pueblo, a millionaire planter, who, a society leader, admired the primitive capacity of the uncouth captain.

"If I could do what he can, or if he knew what I know," remarked Pueblo to a friend, "there would be a Washington or a Bonaparte."

Diaz fought on, learning and gaining in reputation, until the revolution was successful and Benito Juarez became president. Juarez was a type of what might be known as the small capitalist, which, at the time of his ascendancy, was coming into dominance, not only in Mexico, but also in the United States and Europe; and he was logical to the interest of that class. A constitution was adopted in accordance with the ideas of the times, modeled after the American palladium. In accord with the philosophy of the small capitalist Juarez encouraged the breaking up of feudal conditions, and the division of *haciendas* into small farms. Half the houses in Mexico City were owned by priests. Under the encouragement of Juarez small capitalists from the United States within five years erected 20,000 more dwellings, which broke the church monopoly. With 146 monasteries, 59 nunneries, 1,500 monks and 3,000 to 4,000 priests in the national capital, there was a never-ending religious procession, a never-ceasing clang-ing of bells. Juarez stopped the processions and the bell-ringing, thus affording the communicants more time for work and better opportunity for repose. Three-fourths of the land of Mexico was held by the priests, who had re-established a sort of feudal system with the serfs transformed into equally helpless peons hired for wages, yet tied to the land by debts which it was seen to that they contracted. Juarez confiscated most of this land and turned it into commons, which the people were encouraged to cultivate as they wished without purchase. This gave free-

dom to the peons and began to develop a class of independent farmers—a “middle class.” Juarez further encouraged American capital to invest in Mexico. At that time those who responded were what came to be known as “small capitalists.” They built the first railroad in the “land of Manana,” and developed several other enterprises. Juarez also, with heavy hand, stopped the exactions of the *jefes politicos*, and the tribute which bandits had been wont to levy from travelers. The people began to prosper; but some of those affected by government, that government, were mortally offended.

Most brooding of the malcontents was General Porfirio Diaz. The bandits, including himself, had so far redeemed themselves in his eyes and in the eyes of the people that they had up to this time been permitted to remain in the army. But they were not given offices, as Oragan had led Diaz to expect, and now that order had been restored and the government put on a stable basis Jaurez announced his intention of reducing the army.

“But what will become of me and my soldiers?” asked General Diaz of the new president.

“You may cultivate the lands which have been opened to you,” was the reply.

“But I have never done these things. They are beneath the dignity of a soldier.”

“Washington left the field of war and retired to a farm. Because you have not done the work of peace is all the more reason why you should do it now. Mexico is worn out with war. She needs to be rid of the burden of armies that she may recover prosperity.”

“For one, I do not propose to dig and plod. Farmers and artisans are always underlings.”

“Warriors have o'erridden them. It must be so no longer.”

“Mexico belongs to the soldiers who have saved her. The generals at least are entitled to good positions under the government.”

“Mexico belongs to the soldiers who have saved her because this includes all the people, not a part of them. But war is only a temporary need, not a permanent employ-

ment. I am heartily glad the need of it is gone. As for officers for leaders in the army, they shall have their pay, as the common soldier shall have his. God forbid that I should burden the people with more officers than are needed. I will reward you according to your deserts, and I shall rejoice to see it so."

"Jaurez, beware!" cried Diaz in anger. "I am used to taking that which I want, and I have an army behind me now."

"Do you mean that, Porfirio?" asked the president, rising.

"Do I seem to be smiling because my sword is about to show its teeth? Why do you ask, Benito Jaurez?"

"Because (stepping to the door and motioning to a guard there) I shall arrest you for treason if you mean it. I might have you shot, Porfirio; but I would be more lenient with you. I shall only banish you, and shoot you if you return."

The guard seized Diaz and hurried him to a boat in the harbor which was ready to depart for New Orleans. Before he returned his mistress was dead.

So ends the first part of this story from life, like the falling of a curtain on a complete drama. Yet it was only one act of the real drama that was being enacted, on what the participants supposed was their own volition.

CHAPTER VII.

PERSONAL AMBITION.

AT A CHEAP boarding house in New Orleans Colonel Breen came upon a Mexican refugee and introduced himself. He had gained the title from having killed thirteen Apaches single-handed in defense of a mining prospect in Arizona. Yet after this feat he had deemed the land too hot for him, in a metaphorical sense, and had drifted to New Orleans looking for someone to grubstake him for further work. Even a Mexican refugee was worth trying, so he began:

“Any silver in Mexico, stranger?”

“Plenty of it. Did you never hear of Montezuma’s mine, and how the Incas used to roll in silver until they glittered in the sun?”

“But can you put me where I can find it?”

“Easily enough.” An idea began to form in the mind of the Mexican of using Colonel Breen to get him back to his native land. So he added: “I must be back in Mexico before I can do it.”

“And you want me to pay your way? I am looking for someone to grubstake me.”

“I am looking for someone to smuggle me back to Mexico. I have been banished. If I go back and am caught, it is death.”

“Then I would remain here.”

“But if I win I shall be president of Mexico.”

“Oh, I see. And then you will be in a situation to aid me.”

“Yes.”

“And will you do so?”

“I will.”

“Well, I know a captain who will take you there. I will see you started and then if I can borrow enough money on my prospective mines to keep me in grub for the summer I will go to Mexico overland and call on

you if I don't find the silver myself. Your address will be—”

“After the battle, at Mexico City, in the president's mansion.”

On a vessel which sailed for Mexico the next day was a dark-skinned man who said little and kept close to his stateroom. There were no noteworthy incidents on the voyage, but when they came to the harbor they saw a double line of soldiers on the shore and a boat put forth toward them bearing two officers in uniform.

Somehow the captain was informed that they were looking for a refugee and at once suspected his dark-skinned companion.

“Tell me, who you are?” he asked.

“Diaz is my name. Porfirio Diaz.”

“Are you a refugee?”

“I am. I was banished, and if they capture me it is death—for me.”

“And investigation and endless trouble for me.”

“Yes.”

Just then the Mexican, who had been closely scanning the shore, saw something which clearly gave him assurance. Turning to the captain he said:

“Give me a life preserver and they will not find me.”

The captain gave him the preserver, and passengers and crew were all intent on watching the maneuvers on shore, so that no one noticed him as Diaz dropped into the seas from the side of the ship opposite. He held to the preserver so only his face was above water and with one hand paddled farther out to sea and toward the north.

The officers searched the boat without finding their man. In the meantime Diaz had passed so far from the ship that it was safe for him to pass the life preserver under his shoulder, and, lifting his head from the water, paddled with both hands. In a recess on shore, hidden from the city and the waiting troops, a man stepped into view of the refugee; thither the swimmer bent his strokes, until he emerged from the sea and joined the man.

After greetings, the two went into a hollow in the wood adjacent and there concealed themselves until night.

Under cover of darkness they made their way to the camp occupied by Oragan and his soldiers and bandits, and joined themselves to this company. Here the entire force was placed at the disposal of Diaz for war on Juarez.

Then came an opera boueuff rebellion. Oragon and Diaz, maintaining themselves again by brigandage, added foraging on the estates of the rich as their method of harassing the administration. In addition Diaz wrote pompous letters to the President, making preposterous demands and ever assuming the air of master.

Finally things became very discouraging for Diaz. He continued to launch grandiloquent demands at the government, he never faltered in his determination to be president sometime and somehow, but he became hard up. He was forced to temporarily disband his men and for a time make his living as a cub carpenter. In after years, when he became governor of Oxacala, he secured an uncouth chair which he had made with his own hands, and took great pride in exhibiting it as evidence that he had one time been a common laborer.

Later, when he was pressed by the government troops he retreated in the Valle Nacional. A rich, beautiful valley, from two to five miles wide and twenty miles long, this is one of the most inaccessible places on earth. The high hills surrounding it are a tangle of trees and vines, through which one has to hew his way with the machette, and these are so filled with venomous snakes and insects that few venture to try the dangerous and perplexing climb. The only opening to the valley is a bridle path, which winds through close-set hills and often crosses a river that must be forded or swum. It was not more easy to protect the pass of Thermopulæ than to keep men either out of or confined in the Valle Nacional if that result were desired. The government troops did not attempt to follow Diaz into the valley, nor did it try to pen him there.

"What a fortress for bandits!" exclaimed one of his men when the chase was at an end. "If it was only near a road where travelers pass a score could protect themselves here for an age."

"When I become president I will give it to my com-

pany who fight with me now," remarked Diaz. "Notice how rich the soil is."

"Do you expect us to till the soil?"

"It will not be necessary. I shall make this a penal colony and you can become rich by making them till the soil."

The bandits looked around. The proposition appealed to them and assured their loyalty to Diaz.

Juarez dispatched his soldiers against the guerrillas, but the soldiers showed no zest in combatting their former companions in arms. Some of them were led by former bandits, so that the rebellion, if it should be dignified with the word, continued a disturbing influence with Juarez for many months.

One day, when the army of Diaz and Oragon,—an army consisting of some two hundred persons, some of them stragglers and women,—were in the mountains near the northern border of Mexico, a miner with the inevitable burro came to them. The miner proved to be Colonel Breen.

"Do I address the president?" he asked in mock gravity.

"You do," answered Diaz gravely.

"Indeed?" inquired Colonel Breen. "Since when?"

"Since tomorrow."

The answer pleased Breen and he bowed very low. "I did not call on you for advice," he said, "because I knew you were busy; and I was able to find a fortune by myself."

"You struck it, then?"

"Yes."

"Rich?"

"A bonanza. Only it is copper instead of silver."

He emptied his pockets of samples and distributed them among the bystanders. It was evidently of great richness.

"Much of it?" asked Diaz.

"A mountain full."

"A third is mine for the commission."

"The h— it is!" thundered the miner.

"The third now, or all tomorrow, when I am president."

The miner reached for his pocket, but was covered by Dragon before he could draw.

"No more of that," said the old chieftain. "It's worth a third to protect your mine while you are gone. We stand together."

"Oh, very well," assented the miner. "There is enough for me in two-thirds."

"Only, my name is not to appear in this," remarked Diaz.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE USE OF RELIGION.

THE hierarchy was not pleased at its loss of power. It launched anathema after anathema at the new order. But Juarez stood firm. Then the Mexican priests carried their cause to Rome. The vatican not only protested to Juarez, but laid the claim of the Mexican church before the faithful everywhere, who, believing it an outrage, stirred an agitation that prejudiced all Europe against Juarez. At that time neither Spain nor France had dared to combat the church in the interference in temporal affairs; and, while Juarez was disbanding the army, perfecting the public schools, and arranging an elaborate system of public improvements, even inducing American capital to build some railroads in Mexico, his reputation was assailed vigorously in Europe. He was represented as confiscating property, repudiating the public debt, and fostering disorder and danger to property by disbanding the army. Appeal was made to Spain, a Catholic country which yet laid some claims to Mexico, on the ground that Juarez had repudiated a debt of \$10,000,000, due the church for improvements made in the Philippines. France was provoked to hostility because it was represented that Juarez had repudiated a claim of \$1,500,000 which a citizen of France had against Mexico. In reality, Napoleon III was anxious to obtain territory in the new world to compensate him for the loss of Louisiana, and thought that the time was opportune to realize this ambition while the United States was fully occupied by the civil war. Beside all this, some English bankers put in a claim for \$5,000,000 against Mexico, which debt, they claimed, was repudiated by Juarez. England was willing to cripple the influence of the United States in the new world, as evidenced by the privateers she had encouraged a short time previously.

So England, France and Spain united to send a fleet to the Gulf of Mexico for the protection of the rights of

their citizens against the new republic of alleged repudiation. They arrived at Vera Cruz and telegraphed their demands to Juarez. The latter replied by inviting the several admirals to a conference. They were received and entertained, and afterward they retired to confer. One by one, on invitation of Juarez, the admirals rehearsed the grievances of their countries, and then the Mexican president said:

"You have been told but part. Taking the French claim first: During the final rebellion in 1852, a street fight occurred in Vera Cruz, in which some irresponsibles did damage to a small bakery. The total loss could not have been more than a few hundred dollars, but the claim against us is \$1,500,000. I do not object to paying damages based on an inventory of the loss."

The Spanish and English admirals exchanged swift glances, while the French admiral flushed.

"Concerning the Spanish claim," continued Juarez, "in 1832, Mexican Jesuits established the mission of Del Santa Rosario in the Philippines. The mission was not authorized by the Mexican government and has never been recognized as a government mission. I submit to you, therefore, whether Mexico should be held for the \$10,000,000 claim for the support of this mission."

Now the Spanish admiral flushed. His eyes flashed in anger; yet he remained silent. Juarez continued:

"During the war with the United States in 1845, Manuel Lazardi was sent to England by President Santa Anna for the purpose of negotiating a loan for \$5,000,000. He borrowed the money and put it in his pocket; not one cent did Mexico get. But, as a means of obtaining the loan from which he alone profited, he signed an agreement by which the Mexican government was obligated to pay \$5,000,000 for the loan of \$500,000, which it did not receive. Possibly we might be held for the half million, but the remainder was a fraudulent transaction."

The English admiral was on his feet. "I be damned if I become a party to collecting a debt that was fostered by fraud!" he exclaimed. "I shall return to England tomorrow,"

"And I shall return to Spain," replied the Spanish admiral.

"And you?" asked Juarez of the French admiral.

The Frenchman flushed. "Some of my men are sick," he replied. "We can scarcely return to France in our present condition."

"If that is true, you may remain. The hospitals of Jalapa are at your service."

The French admiral bowed low. "You are very kind," he said. "France will remember your consideration."

So ended the conference. The sick were landed from the French ships and placed in the hospitals of which the French troops were permitted to practically take possession. In the meantime the admiral communicated with Napoleon, who responded by sending reinforcements to the number of 4,500 soldiers, accompanied by General Almonte and Father Miranda.

"Now, strike the blow," said Father Miranda. "Issue your manifesto, and true Catholics will flock to your standard. We shall override the infidels as fewer under Cortez did before us."

So the admiral proclaimed that the army had come from France in order to establish order and obtain property in a country that had been at war for years, and calling in all who were loyal to the church to rally to its support.

To his surprise there was no response.

CHAPTER IX.

MONEY AND PATRIOTISM.

ORAGON and his companions were astonished at the ease with which Diaz had obtained an interest in the mine. This astonishment was increased a month later, when Colonel Breen returned with some American capitalists, who put up for costly machinery to work the mine. And when, before the summer was over, returns began to come to Diaz in the way of dividends, astonishment became a sensation.

"Why, in ten minutes that fellow held up Breen for more than we have taken in all our lives," said Oragon. "Boys, the joke has turned. He may be president yet."

Forthwith, having learned the lesson from a man who didn't know it himself, that the new order of capitalism would be more productive in spoils than the old order of brigandage, the wiser of the bandits turned their attention to money-getting according to the new rules. Some of them laid claim to mining territory. Others seized on commons, appropriating it to themselves. Oragon seized a *hacienda* and the *jefe político* who owned it was unable to dislodge him, while Juarez, having other enemies to consider, was unable to cope with this new and effective rebellion. Diaz himself began to see the power of money as a means to political preferment, and decided that American capitalists would become a means of developing Mexico and incidentally making them rich when he should become president of Mexico.

As for Colonel Breen, he was not of the disposition to yield his mining rights had he not expected greater returns from so doing. His study of the situation, although he was illiterate, led him to believe that Diaz would some day be president of Mexico and he deemed it prudent to retain his friendship.

In the meantime Diaz was rent with conflicting emotions. He loved his country in a way. He was apprehen-

sive of the attitude of the church and he disliked the church because he remembered his father. So many are capable of nothing but concrete reasoning. Besides, it appeared that Mexico was in danger of invasion by a foreign power, and between foreigners and natives he was for the native. He was like the man who will beat his wife himself, yet defend her strenuously from attack by another.

One day Jaurez was surprised to see Diaz enter his office.

"Porfirio," he said, "I warned you that it meant death for you to return."

"I have been in Mexico for years," Diaz returned, "and I am still alive. I do not fear you, but I love my country. Now that foreign powers threaten Mexico I am come to offer you my services."

"You, Porfirio Diaz?"

"Why not? Did I not battle for my country when it was threatened before? Did I not battle by your side? I offer you not my services alone, but the aid of all who have been harassing you."

"But can I trust you? Is this not a plot to seize the government for yourself?"

"I give you my word of honor."

"Then," said the president, "I give you my hand."

And they clasped hands.

CHAPTER X.

WAR IN THE DARKNESS.

JUAREZ saw that this war was certain and inevitable. He called on all men from 21 to 60 years of age to rally to the defense of the republic; threatening death to such as failed to respond. An army under General Oragon and with Diaz holding an inferior command, was dispatched against the French. At the same time the president called the United States to help him expel the European invaders; but at that period, 1863, Uncle Sam had his hands too full to permit him to respond.

The French advanced and attacked Pueblo, but the Mexican general, with 12,000 troops, defeated them. A few weeks later reinforcements to the number 30,000 came from France. With this force the French had laid seige to Pueblo. The defense was strong and persistent, lasting for three months. To add to the difficulties, cholera came and an epidemic of typhoid fever prevailed. One by one the French took the houses, advancing street by street, until it was quite evident that all was lost. Then Oragon surrendered, after spiking 150 guns, scattering his powder and breaking his fire-arms; but Diaz and a few of the soldiers escaped as refugees, one by one.

It meant the end of the republic, and Juarez fled from the capital, retiring to San Luis Potosi. The French entered Mexico City in triumph, much as the Spanish had done under Cortez, and immediately called together thirty-five aristocrats of Mexico as the legislative body, while the French general, the archbishop of Mexico, and a Mexican general who cast his fortunes with the new government, became an executive triumvirate. This triumvirate convened a constitutional assembly composed of former land owners and clergymen, and on June 10, 1864, the assembly passed the resolution :

The Mexican nation adopts for form of government a temperate and hereditary monarchy under a Catholic premier; the sovereign will take the name of Emperor of Mexico; the imperial crown will be offered to the Archduke Maximillion of Austria for himself and his descendants.

The armies of the republic were scattered. Diaz, with a force of *vasqueros* or volunteers, retired to the south and maintained a guerrilla warfare, while Juarez, after being chased into Monterey, addressed a communication to President Lincoln, offering to cede Sonora to the United States for help in restoring the republic and native rule. To the quaint little town of Cuidad he fled, and awaited there, but waited in vain, for intervention on the part of America.

In April, 1864, Maximillian and the beautiful Charlotte arrived in Mexico and assumed the throne.

Maximillian sent an army on the trail of Diaz, which overtook him and administered a stinging repulse, scattering the forces. The republic had been superceded by a "hereditary Catholic monarch," and a brilliant court was established, where Charlotte shone as the most beautiful and most regal of American potentates.

When Maximillion sent his representative to the United States, in April, 1864, President Lincoln refused to receive him, and congress promptly passed a resolution to the effect that it could not, under the Monroe doctrine, recognize a monarchy established in America by a European power. This left no doubt as to the attitude of the United States and greatly encouraged the patriots; although the fact that Maximillian's envoys were received at European courts mitigated the pangs this action brought. Thinking to conciliate the Mexicans, who, so far, had shown little disposition to rally to his support, the emperor refused to restore to the clergy the lands which Juarez had nationalized; but, rather than bringing the masses to his support, this alienated the clericals and reactionaries. His empire was not strong. And when, on February 9, 1865, after it became evident that the United States had practically won in the civil war, President Lincoln, through Secretary Seward, called on France to withdraw her troops

from the western continent under penalty of having the vast American army then in the field turned into Mexico, the consternation was complete.

Lincoln probably had a purpose in this action even beyond the restoration of the Mexican republic. More or less danger always attends the disbanding of an army after a severe war, and then, there was a breach in the United States which he had wanted to close. For more than a generation it had been the dream of the South to establish an empire of the Great Southwest, and probably Lincoln thought that in a war of sentiment in behalf of Mexico, Grant and Lee might join their forces and the bloody chasm that had opened at Mason and Dixon's line might be closed. It is not the only effort made to unite the armies of the North and South. Senator Stewart declares that, after this, congress had practically agreed on a plan for invading Canada with the united blue and gray, the pretext being England's attitude during the civil war, and the object being the acquisition of vast territory that would make the re-United States great indeed.

But the effect of Lincoln's ultimatum was decisive. Napoleon called for a loan of \$170,000,000, with which to carry on the war, but only \$50,000,000 was subscribed. Even he saw the hopelessness of his case against the seasoned army of Uncle Sam. France withdrew her troops from Mexico. It meant the end of the empire; and while Maximilian was too proud to leave himself, even though he knew it was disastrous to remain, it was only too evident that the clericals, who had hoped to retain temporal power through the establishment of a Catholic monarchy in America, had lost and lost because of Lincoln's action.

Then came the tragedy in America. On March 6th, plotting against the life of the American president and against Secretary Seward began, every plotter being a Catholic. April 14th Abraham Lincoln became a martyr —to what?

NOTES.—Chinequay attempts to show motive for Lincoln's assassination in a lawsuit that took place years before; but that motive seems inadequate. The motive herein given for the first time in print seems to be much more rational. The hierarchy in its fight on Socialism has

represented it as bomb-throwing and assassination. It remains for the hierarchy to explain why every assassin of a president in the United States was a Catholic and none of them were Socialist. This is by no means an intimation that all Catholics are assassins, as the hierarchy tried to make men believe of all Socialists. The desire for power over others always leads to killing opposition, so that not only a power seeking hierarchy, but also power-seeking dictators have always been ready to kill men who stood in their way. The masses themselves have ever been innocent, if not victims of deception. In Mexico the fight was to enslave the Catholic laity, just as in Russia it is to enslave the people in general for the benefit of the few.

In this connection, permit me to say that, after reading the stenographic report of the trial of Lincoln's assassins, I have reached the conclusion that Mrs. Surrett was innocent. Isaac Pittman, who made these reports, is equally positive that she was wrongly hanged. It seems only right that the American people shall, after having taken her life, do her the meager reparation of clearing her reputation. And Mrs. Surrett was a Catholic.

That this view of the situation which held the Roman hierarchy responsible for the death of Lincoln was general at the time is evident from state papers. Grant, in every message he sent to congress, warned the people against ecclesiasticism and the danger to the public schools, and Thomas Nast cartooned him as trampling on the pretensions of the pope to temporal power, Nast being a republican and supporter of Grant. Indeed, every republican president up to Garfield, in at least one state paper, warned of the danger of ecclesiasticism.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

NOW AROSE the star of Mexican independence. Americans poured over the Rio Grande and joined the armies of Juarez. In his extremity Maximillian proposed to sell the lands of the clergy in order to obtain means of carrying on the war, but the pope refused his permission for the sale. Thinking to strike terror to the rising revolutionists, Maximillian had Areaga and Salazar, two patriots whom he had captured, shot; but so far from bringing dismay to the opposition, the act brought hundreds of others into the field. Apaches and Opatas joined with the Mexicans. Empress Charlotte went to France to solicit the aid of Napoleon, expecting to be received with royal honors; but she was met merely by a police escort, and the shock to her pride, as well as the realization that it meant the end of her dream of glory, unbalanced her mind. Ever since then she has been imprisoned in a palace belonging to her brother, King Leopold of Belgium (instigator of the Congo outrages), playing queen, doctors her courtiers, nurses her maids in waiting. News of the calamity which had befallen his brilliant wife disheartened Maxamillian with his poetic temperament; but, though he might have fled to Europe, his pride held him to the land of which he claimed to be the head.

Juarez with his army, in which Diaz held a lesser command, threatened the capital and Maximillian retreated before him. Every prisoner the French took was executed. Finally Diaz, rather by accident than design, captured both the French general and Emperor Maximillian. An orderly came to him:

“Shall we save them to report to President Juarez for trial?”

“No,” answered Diaz, “shoot them at once.”

“That is rather summary.”

“It is what they did with our men. The rule is to get

the other fellow before he gets you. Death averts many complications in affairs of this kind."

The French general was led into the field, his hands bound, and his back turned to the soldiers. It was an effort to humiliate him in death.

"Fire!" came the order.

As the volley rang out the French commander turned and received the charge in his breast.

"Bring the usurper."

A squad entered the room where the emperor was, and one of them, with a stiff bow, said:

"You are wanted, sir."

"Spare him, spare him," plead his attendant. For answer the soldier pinioned the arms of the emperor.

"Do not weep, or mourn," whispered Maximilian. "See how royally I shall meet death."

They led the king to his execution. The queen heard about the tragedy in Belgium and her insanity was only deepened. The romance of the insane queen and her mimic court, and of the profligate brother with his loves and cruelties, have become themes of many writers.

Juarez assumed the presidency from which he had been deposed, and, proclaiming a revival of the republic, began again reform which he had in mind, confiscating anew the church lands, fostering public schools and otherwise working in the people's interest. He called Diaz before him, and, while commanding him for services to his country, rebuked him for the execution of Maximilian, declaring it unnecessary and out of accord with the spirit of the age. Diaz flared in anger.

"What have you to say about it, Juarez? Your term as president has expired and you are a usurper yourself," he shouted.

"Softly, Porfirio. You have done your country great service and provided honor for yourself in this war. Do not now become a burden on Mexico and dim the luster of your arms."

"I am as much entitled to the presidency as you are, Bonita Juarez."

"You are not, Porfirio. While my term of office has

expired, for two years of that term I was forced from office. I shall consider myself president until I shall have actually served the time for which I was elected. This is not for ambition's sake, but because I shall be needed to restore the nation and bind up her wounds."

Diaz responded angrily and was ordered from the room. An hour later it was reported at the capital that the army had espoused the cause of Diaz and that Oragon and other bandit chiefs were rushing to his aid with reinforcements, while he planned to move at once on the city. Left without support and remembering the fate of Maximilian, Juarez boarded the first out-going steamer and sailed for New York, where he died soon afterward.

Diaz at once proclaimed himself president of Mexico.

Another perfect drama was completed. Yet it, too, was only an act—the second act—of the larger drama of a life.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GROWING OF GREATNESS.

NO MAN ever became famous or powerful in and of himself. Fame and power are things that come of society, of organization, and only as, now and then, someone through some undefinable attraction finds others who are willing to sacrifice themselves and give their power to him, does anyone become notable. The mistress of Diaz had given her all for him. Now she passed from his life at just the right time, and another personage, better suited to meet his new needs, came into his life to sacrifice all that this man of destiny, this grim choice of malevolence, might become master of men. Pablo Pueblo came to make the swarthy, wide-nostriled Porfirio Diaz look his part as president. To do this the millionaire became practically valet to the Indian, occupying the lowly place as colonel on his private staff. By means of shaving, scrubbing, shower-baths, dieting, and skilful dressing, all accomplished under supervision of this expert in these matters, a transformation was wrought in the appearance of the Indian which astonished his closest friends. The president was exacting of himself because of his ambition. He became distinguished in appearance and his personal habits were such as to meet the requirements of the most moral. How many tyrants have been personally pure! These things gave him standing at home. Through the good graces of his millionaire valet and because of the high office he held he was received into society; and when he would pay court to the daughter of one of the proudest and richest Catholics in Mexico, his suit was received with favor, since, after their experience with Juarez, both the Catholics and the rich were eager to receive protection from the state. His illegitimate daughter was also married into a rich and powerful family, the consideration for her elevation being that the husband was a man of such physical and moral imperfections that women who knew would not marry him.

These alliances gave the president standing in spite of his humble origin with the wealthy and powerful classes of Mexico. To make this standing secure, on the advice of Pueblo, he restored to the clergy and nobility much of the land which Juarez had turned into commons. As a result the church, a world-wide institution, began to make him a reputation abroad. At the same time he continued unimportant reforms, such as limiting the ringing of bells and the number of processions, and so kept up the appearance of serving the people.

"This is a good start," said his millionaire valet. "Now acknowledge the claims of France, England and Spain, and the cause that brought war to Mexico will be removed and your standing abroad assured."

This did not comport with the wish of the new president, but he was finally persuaded to do it.

"Bacon says," declared Pueblo, "that he who does not follow his interest goes not his own way."

"And who is Bacon?"

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," replied the young millionaire. "If you are to be perpetual president you must strengthen yourself."

After the claims of these foreign nations had been acknowledged by Diaz his reputation abroad grew amazingly. Newspapers gave him flattering notices as a ruler who was competent to rightly guide an erratic people that had been engaged in civil strife for years. Praise was as honey to the president, and, seeing his name blazed abroad, fired his ambition still further.

Still there were problems before the new executive, but his valet pointed the way to their solution. There were several ambitious dons anxious to elevate themselves to the presidency, and the bandits, having had a taste of military life, were eager to remain in the army.

"You must appoint these ambitious dons to office under you," declared the valet of the executive. "They will give you the benefit of their united strength, and at the same time they will watch each other, so that no one will gain an advantage over the other."

Diaz followed this advice. He appointed the leaders

of various parties to his cabinet. It seemed fair to the people, since it gave them all representation, and strengthened him immensely, both by increasing his popularity and by placing checks on the advancement of his rivals. He even made Oragon a cabinet officer.

"Now," said the valet, "make the bandits soldiers. You will thus transform them from law-breakers to supporters of the government. By scattering the commands over the various states you will prevent the army from becoming powerful enough to menace your position."

Where was an adviser so wise as he? How fortunate for Diaz that his mistress had passed away at a time when her presence would have become a scandal, and that in her place there had come a powerful man with a knowledge of state-craft, who made himself a servant to the ambitions of this darling of fortune! When the bandits were made *rurales* or local police and transformed to protectors of the government by this brilliant stroke of state policy, papers over the United States and in Europe heralded the fact, with praise of Diaz, which added to his egotism and gave him standing as a wise and conservative ruler. Diaz, on the advice of his valet, saw that the *rurales* were well paid—better than they were as bandits—which kept them loyal to him.

"With the army loyal, with the church placated, and with the rich and powerful strong in your support, you will be able to hold the presidency indefinitely," said Pueblo.

"The constitution is against it," replied Diaz, disconsolately.

"Congress can change the constitution. You must make friends with congress."

The president thought of Valle Nacional. He allotted it to his former companions in arms, as he had promised to do. Then the question came to him, How may they be provided with workers? There were possible convicts, but not enough, and Diaz did not see how to make it profitable to him.

"Make them pay for each convict sent them a stipulated sum, say, \$60," said Pueblo. "Let ten dollars of this be yours. Cut off the salaries of the *jefes políticos*,

making their income depend on the convicts they furnish. It will make them eager to maintain order in this hitherto turbulent country, and it will also add to your income."

"But how am I to get them under control?"

"Declare that Mexico is so prone to rebellion that it is necessary for a time to appoint the mayors, so that the government may be a unit and bring order out of chaos."

The way was clear, and Diaz walked therein.

Forthwith the mayorships were sought by partisans of Diaz, who saw opportunity to make a big thing out of them. Some even paid for the office. Once in power, the income was sure. If the mayor levied a tax on a rich man and he resisted, he was arrested as a law-breaker and sent to Valle Nacional, while his goods were confiscated. Did the mayor's revenues grow meager? It was an easy thing to order the arrest of a party of dancers, say, on the ground that they were disturbing the peace, and send them all, men, women, even young girls, to the valley of the shadow, and they were never heard of again. Each person brought \$50 clear; and the general government said nothing, because it meant money for it. Sometimes the mayors would seize on young girls and use them as the passion prompted, and then send them away to oblivion; and if the parents objected they, too, were sent away as traitors.

In time the business of furnishing slaves for the Valle Nacional became so good that agents set to work to supply the demand with "contract labor." Was a man out of work? He was offered a job at good wages, and in his eagerness of work signed a contract that was thrust into his hand without fully understanding it. If possible he was advanced a little money to take him to his destination or buy him clothes, and this created a debt that he was never permitted to pay. In the Valle Nacional he became a peon, was not permitted to write home, could not escape, and was whipped if he rebelled with a tough but pliable rattan.

They in the Valle Nacional were so intent on profits that they worked the slaves and peons from twelve to fourteen hours a day, fed them poorly and housed them

wretchedly. The average life was not over eight months. When death was approaching they were still goaded into the field, and worked till they dropped dead. The young girls were forced to submit to the embraces of the foremen. If a man was struck so hard he was killed, there was no one to object or make inquiry. And the old bandits had an easy life, enjoying plenty and all the sensuous luxuries they craved. The administration of Diaz had their warmest support.

The new president had learned the secret of strengthening his rule. The rich, the mayors, the soldiers, were all for him. He was able to crush opposition. He now sought the support of members of congress.

"You can bring them all to your will," said Pueblo.

"But how?"

"Recommend the passage of bills that will be of advantage to the representatives. The whole resources of Mexico are before you, most of the land being held as public commons. Use these resources to strengthen yourself."

Was there a man whose influence Diaz wished to win? He was allotted a *hacienda* from the common lands, "for services rendered the government." Was there an opponent whose support was desired? He was appointed as *jefe político* of some city where the power to levy tribute would make him rich. If congress was refractory, Diaz would suggest some measure which would enable all the members to line their purses, and forthwith congress became tractable. Thereafter the president could get passed any law which he might desire. The presidential term was lengthened to six years. It was contrary to the constitution to do this, but it was done, and the people said nothing when the rich and powerful approved. Next, a law was passed repealing the constitutional provision that a president might not serve two terms in succession. When the next campaign opened the men who would have opposed Diaz were in his cabinet with their hands tied. Diaz managed that there should be "popular demonstrations" in his behalf, paying the expense himself. His machine was

perfect and he was "elected" president, although less than a third of the normal vote was polled.

The president wept as he spoke of his appreciation of the vote of approval that had been extended him by the people, but his wandering, beady eyes glittered as he spoke.

CHAPTER XIII.

PASSING OF FELIX DIAZ.

THE president's brother, Felix, called Chato, was made chief of the Mexican rurales. Up to this time opposition to Porfirio Diaz had been silenced or concealed. But now Felix discovered a conspiracy. Papers were found implicating several of his former companions-at-arms in a plot to unseat what they termed the usurper. Felix telegraphed to his brother, the president, to know what should be done with the conspirators, and received the reply: "Shoot them red-handed."

Teren, the first conspirator arrested, was addressed by Felix Diaz:

"I am going to shoot you by order of the president."

"Then," said the prisoner, "you are going to commit a murder, for my conscience does not accuse me of a crime."

"Shut up! Soldiers, shoot this man."

"May I write some letters before I die? I ask only ten minutes."

Not a minute. Shoot this fellow at once." And the deed was done.

When the second conspirator was arrested he boldly said: "Under the constitution I am entitled to a trial before judgment is passed on me."

"I am the judge and my word is the law." answered Felix. "Let him be shot."

The third victim had been an acquaintance of the general and presumed to talk:

"You must be crazy, Felix, to shoot men in this way, without a trial. Of what am I guilty?"

"Silence!" was the response. "You are a conspirator and the safety of the government demands that you die."

"I suppose you have full proof of this?"

"I need no proofs, my conscience saying it is so."

"This shows you have no proofs. Be the man I thought you were when we were friends together."

"A true man is forced to be firm in a case of this kind."

"You will at least permit me to write to my wife."

"We have no time for that. Here, soldiers, shoot him."

The crack of rifles which marked his death had hardly ceased to echo when the district judge ran in half dressed and angry at the usurpation of his authority. He denounced the work as a massacre and was in turn abused and cursed; but no more of the conspirators were shot. Felix walked away and almost immediately the wife of one of the men whose corpse lay prone on the grass came on the scene. With a cry of anguish she fell on the body and when they carried her away she was a maniac.

When news of the bloody event spread through the land the president shed tears, and declared that, though the soldiers had been attacked, they were too severe. But there was no investigation and no one was punished for the deed.

The lesson was learned by others who were ready to revolt. There were no more conspiracies, and foreign papers printed news, which was furnished them, to the effect that Diaz had not only put down outlawry in Mexico by the unique device of making the bandits police, but he had also ended the rebellions that had been the shame of the southern republics up to this time.

But there remained several who were ambitious to hold the highest office in the nation. These might at any time become revolutionists and endanger both the peace of the country and the continued power of Diaz. By a strange coincidence of events something began to happen to these prospective rivals of the president.

One of these, a governor of one of the states who had gained popularity by lowering the "alcabalos" or customs house duties, and thereby became a formidable rival of Diaz, was assassinated while on his way to a theater with his family. The Indian who did the deed was promptly

killed by rurales, who "happened" to be near, before he had time to make a statement.

Another general, whose popularity was alarming to Porfirio Diaz, ventured to tell the president his opinion of the new order. The general at once discovered his error and remained closely at home, pretending to be ill and permitting none but his wife to prepare his food. At last he suspected his own servants of spying for the government and made an effort to escape to the United States. On the way he was murdered. The deed was ascribed to bandits, but there were no arrests.

A third rival of the president, alarmed at the fate which had befallen the other two men, fled to Europe and afterward settled in Texas, where he entered on the practice of medicine. One night he was called out, ostensibly to visit a patient, and while on the way to the place designated, was waylaid and killed, the assassin making his way to Mexico and safety.

There were whispers that these mysterious occurrences were brought about at the orders of the head of Mexico, the man most benefited by them; but, however that may be, the most dangerous rivals of the president had disappeared, and others were after this time cautious in expressing their political ambitions.

Chato, the flat-nosed Diaz, was appointed governor of Vera Cruz. Here he ruled like an oriental despot. He had a habit of sending his soldiery to bring in any pretty girl of tender age whom he fancied. Then he would ply her with "pulque" until she was helpless, when he would outrage her. One day a friend presented him with a new rifle. Desiring to test it he stepped on the veranda of his palace and aimed it at an old woman who was hobbling across the plaza. Crack! went the rifle and the old woman fell dead. "It is a very good rifle," quietly remarked Chato as he re-entered the palace.

But the people remembered these things and one day Chato was assassinated. The vengeful Indians cut his body to bits and scattered it over the country. When word was borne to Porfirio he said nothing, but it was noticed

that his eyes glittered and his mouth shut even more firmly than usual.

A short time after this the people of the city were enjoying a dance on the plaza, men, women and children gathered in large numbers. Suddenly a shrill command rang out, and thousands of rifles in the hands of soldiers belched red into the crowd. Men, women and children fell by the hundreds, blood streaming from the bodies. Fathers sought to shield their children with their own bodies and all fell as the second volley sang its song of death. People tried to escape through windows or at street-corners, but were caught and bayoneted. Fifteen hundred were dead in the plaza and as many more were wounded. The day following the living were compelled to haul cordwood to the plaza, where a pyramid of human bodies and of inflammables was erected and the torch was applied.

Afterward thousands of Indian men were killed. It used to be said, after that, that there were no men left among the Indians, only women and boys. Thus was the killing of Felix "Chato" Diaz avenged. It was the chain-whip with which Porfirio was taming the people!

CHAPTER XIV.

DISPOSING OF A CRITICAL PRESS.

PORFIRIO DIAZ had quarreled with Pueblo. He had come to regard himself as one of the greatest rulers the world had known and as such felt humiliated at receiving advice from a valet and frankly told Pueblo so when the latter rebuked him for his severity in the massacre of Juchitan.

"I did it for your own good," replied the millionaire valet. "Such severe measures will not forward your interests."

"I consider myself able to care for myself, and do not wish interference from a valet."

The millionaire flushed hotly. Yet he restrained his torrid temper and said:

"And this after all the service I have done you."

"I have discovered," returned Diaz, "that your service consisted in persuading me to serve the rich—those of your class. The service was on my part and to you."

It was true, furnishing motive for the service given. The millionaire valet turned away and left the capitol without a word.

Diaz was now left to follow his own resources, and his real disposition, product of heredity and environment, soon asserted itself. The press became a source of annoyance to him, criticising his acts, flaying him for the massacre of Juchitan, insinuating various things relative to the disappearance of his enemies, and suggesting that a change of presidents was desirable. Diaz determined to stop this complaint and his mind reverted to the method his father had used in the taming of the colt. He would crush opposition. He remembered the old Belem prison which his ancestors, the Aztecs, had built in the old days. He determined to use this, which had proven so effective in other years, in crushing the spirit of opposition, and he gloated

over the thought of his enemies in Belem as his mind ran over the possibilities of torture there.

Belem was on the coast of the gulf, its lower floor being a cellar that lay below the sea level. Walls twenty feet in thickness kept out the sea and held the prisoners secure, but the walls were always damp from the waters that pressed on them. There was a court some 45x45 feet in size, with stone cells surroundings. In this court there was a single spring. Inmates of the prison could see nothing at any time but the starry sky above. That, thought the Indian president, would prove an excellent place in which to crush the spirit of his critics.

At the entrance of the harbor of Vera Cruz, on an island where naked savages once held cannibal feasts, was another of these fortress prisons, San Juan de Uloa. Walls fifty feet high and forty feet across, burrowing fifty feet under the sea level, kept the prisoners secure and afforded drilling spots for the guards. Within these walls Diaz erected shops and foundries where minor offenders were required to work. Here medæval conditions prevailed even then. It is said prisoners have been literally beaten to death. Others have been eaten by insects and worms that throng the place, until they expired. The bodies of the dead were fed to the sharks which fill the waters waiting for such grewsome feasts. It was whispered among the prisoners that they were fed soup made from the bodies of their dead companions. There are cells in stories underground, the lower floors being below sea level, and in these dark, stone dungeons the worst offenders were confined, being kept there until reason fled. New victims were placed in cells with gibbering idiots until they, too, succumbed to the horror. Here, thought this modern president with the mediæval mind, is an argument that will silence those who dare oppose or criticise.

The president began his campaign by applying to a still truculent congress for a change in the constitution relative to a free press, and chuckled at the cunning, this time clearly his own, of his plan. Originally the constitution declared:

The press must respect public life, morality and public peace. Trans-

gressions of the law by the press shall be judged by two parties, one to determine the guilt and another which shall apply the law and indicate the penalty.

Changed by congress, the double tribunal was discarded and the instruction read:

The crimes committed by the press shall be judged by competent tribunals of the federation or of the states, or of the federal district and the territory of lower California, according to their special legislation.

This made the conviction of editors easier and left the way open for special legislation relative to the censorship of the press. But special legislation was not needed. The same result was accomplished by leaving the matter clear, so as to appear to not interfere with the press, while invoking a general statute that read:

Defamation consists in communicating deceitfully to one or more persons the imputation of a true or false act, determined or undetermined, which might dishonor or discredit or expose to contempt the persons referred to.

Under this provision of the code, Diaz was able to silence the papers that criticised him, since criticism, whether the same was "true or false," was held to be defamatory. Editors who exposed graft and proved their charges so conclusively that the guilty officials were dismissed, were sent to jail. In Yucatan a special law was enacted declaring that in "offenses against the state, to prosecute it is not necessary that the slandered person should have been mentioned by his full name. It is sufficient to indicate the initials, or by an incorrect and disfigured allusion to the name, or by a certain suggestion of time, place, profession, manner, characteristic signs," etc.

Now began a systematic persecution of the press. When a paper offended, all who were connected with it, from editor to office boy, were arrested and thrown in jail, while the type and machinery were dumped into the street. Often men were thrown into prison as they were found—in undress. Scores of papers were suppressed and their editors sent to Belem or San Juan de Uloa. There came to be a cell in Belem known as the editors' ward. One of the judges who was most used in trying editors had as his motto: "Every accused man is supposed to be a criminal until he is proven innocent." Another remarked of jus-

tice that it is a *pamplina*, a chickweed, a trifle which feeds many people."

In the course of a few years, more than 1,500 persons who had written or spoken against the president were sent to San Juan de Uloa. During a campaign in which Oragon had the temerity to make the race for president, 20,000 men, women and children, supporters of Oragon, were killed, and finally Oragon himself was arrested and promptly shot. More than sixty women were sent to Belem for opposing the candidacy of Diaz. One need not wonder, under these circumstances, that the president was chosen to succeed himself.

After Diaz had silenced the press he wished to have a report of Belem, without having an official investigation: the report he might enjoy while the investigation would lead to scandal. So he sent a private representative to visit the prison. The atmosphere of the prison was such that the envoy contracted typhoid fever from a few hours spent there. But his report was satisfactory to the disposition of the tamer of the colt. He said:

"Eighteen hundred men sleep in the court and as most have to stand they fight like beasts for room on which to lie. Nature is eased in open tubs in the court, which often overflow and fill the space with awful stenches. The spring that gushed to one side is used both for drinking, washing of hands and cooking, and is filthy beyond expression. No soap or towels are provided, and, after washing in the spring, at which others a moment later drink, the men dry themselves in the sun, which beats hot on the court. There is no ventilation in either court or the cells, but the consumptives spit on the wall till there is a slime at every point you touch. Bugs, flies, lice are everywhere. Every day some die. Some are whipped to death. Men and women consort in full view of all. Even the boys confined there are used openly for purposes of homo-sexuality, and made drunk by the wardens so they may be used. Many become insane, or driveling idiots, without reason and without memory."

The president rubbed his hands as though in glee. "They will learn. Belem will teach them," he said.

CHAPTER XV.

LEY FUGA.

IN THE DAYS of the bandits it became a custom, which assumed the proportions of an unwritten law, that when bandits were captured and tried to run away it was legal for the soldiers to shoot them. This custom was called *Ley Fuga*, the runaway law. The olden bandits were now the *rurales*, or mounted police, but their chief came to the president with an idea:

"Belem is too slow," he said. "Men sometimes live for a year there. Why cannot the *rurales* arrest the enemies of the government, and if they try to escape employ *ley fuga* on them?"

"Capital idea," the president agreed. "Only we must be careful and provide proof of the runaway, so the people will not complain."

"Trust me for that," said the head of the *rurales*.

Forthwith he bought a slouch hat perforated with a bullet-hole, and a saddle similarly adorned, and after every case of *ley fuga*, this saddle and this hat were presented and accepted as proof that the killing had been necessary. Among the *jefes políticos* and the masters of great *haciendas* the new interpretation of *ley fuga* was received with approval, for it enabled them to put out of the way critics, rivals and malcontents, and with perfect safety to themselves. It was during this period when the custom of *ley fuga* was enforced not only by the general government, but by the governors and mayors as well, that peonage was revived in Mexico, because *ley fuga* operated to crush opposition to every form of despotism. It was during this period that the republic of Mexico became the *Unitedos Mexicanos*. The terror was such that elections were participated in only by supporters of the administration, and the governors and mayors, from being elective officers, became appointees of the dictator. During this period it has been estimated that no less than 20,000 people lost their

lives. In many cases they went beyond the *lay fuga*. Sometimes a man who had offended was called from a cantina* or waylaid on a street and given *darleague*,* or officially assassinated. In one case a too persistent newspaper man, disregarding the warnings and beatings, and insisting on exposing the condition of affairs, was bound, taken to a brickkiln and cremated alive. It was a saying of the period, taken from the lips of Porfirio Diaz himself, that "Generosity is an attribute of weak men; strong men use severity."

A candidate for governor who opposed the Diaz regime organized a demonstration and parade in his behalf. The administration's governor, then incumbent, posted police at a public place, and as the procession passed poured into its ranks a volley which was fatal to many. The paraders fled to the homes in terror, while the anti-administration candidate hurried from the state, disguised as a fireman on the only railroad that penetrated the section. There was considerable complaint and formal charges were made in congress, but the president sent in a message which bemoaned the unfortunate occurrence wherein "the paraders killed each other in order to bring discredit upon the distinguished governor"; and that ended the matter.

"It was all very well," explained Pueblo, "to be severe in the olden days, but it will not do now. The spirit of the middle class is stronger than it once was, and it will be impossible to maintain feudal ways. Spain herself cannot stand before the new ideal, but is continually losing territory and prestige; and if Spain, in Europe, cannot uphold monarchial and feudal ways, how much less can the Spanish countries in America?"

"Yes, the idea of democracy is advancing," assented the American who overhead.

"It isn't that. It is still true, as Bacon pointed out in his day that there is little danger from the commons. But the merchants are *vena porta*, and if they flourish not, a kingdom may have good limbs, but it will have empty veins. The Anglo-Saxon ideal is conquering the world, and it were better to not bleed an important vein, to conform to the new rather than to follow the old ideas of government."

*Saloon. **"Given water."

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURN OF PUEBLO.

PORFIRIO DIAZ, surrounded by soldiers, was walking from the national palace to the Alameda, when a man broke through the line of bayonets and struck the president a staggering blow on the neck. The soldiers were ready to bayonet the drunken *pelado* when Diaz ordered them to stop, and the fellow was turned over to the civil authorities.

That night the chief of police organized a dozen of his force, dressed them as *pelados*,* and at midnight they dashed into police headquarters, disarmed the guard, and stabbed the man who had attacked the president, and who was tied in a chair, with stilettos, disemboweling and killing him. Then they unfurled the Mexican flag, shouting, "Down with anarchy!" The police arrested "innocent bystanders" and made a great show of discouraging the mob until the participants in the assassination might reappear in proper dress.

But the papers would not be silent. In spite of the many editors who had been sent to Belem they ferreted out the scandal and told the truth. So great was the interest that a meeting of the cabinet was held to discuss the affair, and an investigation by congress was ordered. When this investigation occurred the policemen who took part in the assassination confessed and were acquitted on the ground that they were acting under orders from the chief of police. This personage, seeing that he was to be made a scapegoat, declared at last that he intended to confess everything. That night, according to reports made in the newspapers, the chief of police committed suicide. But others of the police made it known that it was he who, at the instigation of rivals for the presidency, had hired the *pelado* to kill Diaz, and the latter, having failed to do so, was slain lest he make known the true situation.

This incident alarmed Diaz. He saw at last that his

*Very poor Indians.

repressive policy was creating two foes for every one destroyed. He was at his wit's end, and in his extremity sent again for Pueblo, apologizing to him and being fully pardoned. Once again the millionaire became valet to the president, who began once more to assume a more benevolent appearance, and, under his secret instructions, the public policy of the president was changed.

"There is a better way to silence the press than by repression," cautioned Pueblo, "and that is to use it."

"Use it? I do not understand."

"Start a paper of your own and sell it cheaper than any other paper can afford to sell. Thus you will get the people to read the paper, it will pay you a dividend, and you can tell the news as you see fit."

The president's beady eyes glittered, but his chin dropped, out of astonishment at the proposition.

"Then," resumed Pueblo, "you should invite the Associated Press to keep a representative at the capital and give it a monopoly of foreign news. There has been too much matter going abroad derogatory to your administration. We can stop this by the monopoly."

The president considered. He was puzzled. "You say," he replied, "that we should sell your paper cheaper than others can afford, and that still we can make money from it. How can this be done?"

"I know an American firm which wishes a monopoly of the paper trade in Mexico. Grant this monopoly, and it will sell paper to you at half the price it charges your rivals. Then, if for any reason, you should wish to suppress a paper you need not appear in it at all. Simply instruct this company to say to the publisher, 'We are very sorry, but we are so situated that we cannot furnish you paper,' and then, because he cannot buy elsewhere, he will have to suspend. There will be no scandal, no trial, but it will be very effective."

Diaz was simply astounded at the wisdom of these propositions. The American company did receive the paper monopoly. *El Imparcial* was started, it was sold for half what other papers received, and soon became influential and a paying proposition. The Associated Press of

the United States received a monopoly of Mexican news, and soon the papers of the world were full of praise of Diaz.

The crowning act, the climax of the policy and praise, however, was reached when Pueblo said:

“Now, grant full pardon to all the editors confined in Belem.”

At first Diaz protested, but after some urging he yielded the point. *El Imparcial* and the Associated Press exploited the matter and made for Diaz a reputation for clemency and liberality which fully justified the “iron hand” that he had used in days when repression, owing to local conditions, was a necessity. Within a year his reputation had been rehabilitated.

Here again is a complete story, a drama of death; and this is the third act of the greater drama of Modern Mexico.

CHAPTER XVII.

COMING AND GOING.

"THE days and methods of Cortez are past," said Pueblo. "Instead of fostering feudalism we must advance to capitalism. Instead of pursuing the policy of Don Quixote, we must follow the lead of the Anglo-Saxon. The result of the civil war in the United States settled forever the institutions of slavery and serfdom. We must now develop under capitalism and the wages-system."

"These are generalities," responded Diaz. "Just what would you have me do?"

"Encourage American enterprises. You see already how the Associated Press has aided you. You have in your hands two elements that, wisely used, will bring Mexico to a high place among the family of nations."

"And what are they?"

"The vast tracts of public lands which Juarez made commons. Give enterprising Americans a chance and they will develop them into remarkable fertility. Your second resource will bring you to the front as a strong competitor under commercialism and will be sure to bring investors. That is, cheap labor."

"You mean the Indians?"

"Yes. In the United States the red men were hunters and trappers and were not available as workmen; but in Mexico they were more civilized and are faithful at toil. They now work the communal lands; but when you give away these lands, as they did in our neighbor to the north, these Indians will be compelled to work for wages. The peonage system may be extended over them until they become the cheapest workmen on the earth and a great inducement for investors."

Diaz flushed and his beady eyes glistened. He, too, was part Indian, and his effort had hitherto been to subdue the Spaniard under the yoke of an Indian and thus avenge the conquest of Cortez. This, indeed, had been the motive

behind his vigorous campaign of a few years just past. Yet he recognized that he had failed, and was ambitious for success. So he merely suggested:

"I thought you said it was dangerous to subdue the people."

"Only those people who have tasted of liberty. The commons have always been under subjection, and pass under severer service as easily as the horse or ox. See how the Spaniards beat down the Indians in Cortez's day. You, too, are a Spaniard, a descendant of the proudest of the dons." This pleased the president. Some how all who come to power grow ready to repudiate their humble origin and anxious to establish noble relationship.

"Yes. My father could tame any horse, no difference how fractious he might be."

"So can you tame domesticated human beings. I am speaking for your advancement. But, mark me, when you grant concessions of land, of mines and of franchises, except governmental supervision as well as an interest therein. This will afford you a vast revenue and enable you to make public improvement. Besides, wealth will give you a permanent standing in this commercial age."

The presidential policy changed. Investments by Americans were encouraged and liberal grants of land helped to bring them. The Associated Press became an asset as an advertiser of Mexican resources which Diaz as dictator exploited for his own advancement. He rapidly grew wealthy. But he still retained the spirit of the mediæval ruler and turned his profits into cash, as Castro was doing in Venezuela during the same period, and as Abdul Hamid was doing in Turkey.

In other days Hinton Rowland Helper, the man who had forecasted the triumph of capitalism over chattel slavery, dreamed of a north and south road to penetrate Mexico and Canada; but the occasion was not ripe for it. Now, however, when two railroad magnates, one backed by the fortune of the old Hudson Bay company, the other by the Standard Oil millions, were fighting for markets and territory, one invading Canada in his plan of campaign, the other took advantage of the opening in Mexico and built

to the national capital. From here he extended his system until it tapped the various rich portions of the country. The ever watchful Standard Oil company sought to appropriate the oil fields of Mexico.

The Guggenheims developed great copper interests at Cannae on the instigation of Colonel Breen, who had discovered them; and smelters vast were erected at various cities, operated by Indians at a low wage. New Englanders started textile mills under the very shadow of the capitol, obtaining labor at 25 cents a day, which was cheaper than child labor in the states. Diaz, a native of Oaxaca, on the Teheantepex peninsula, took up again the plan of Cortez for a highway of commerce across the isthmus, and subsidized a New York corporation for the construction of a railroad, agreeing to pay \$7,500 for each kilometer of road constructed. But owing to the agitation of the Panama canal in the United States, it was impossible to raise sufficient money to complete the enterprise. The government, when the charter was rescinded, received \$2,000,000, which had been collected in America from sale of bonds. Again the contract was let to a subsidized company and the work was completed; yet, because of insufficient harbors at the terminals, and because of agitation of the Panama canal, it has never paid. But this was Diaz's own proposition and he had not accepted proper advice.

Many Americans moved to Mexico City, and a spirit of modernism began to transform the country. From profits on concessions the government reaped a stupendous revenue. A magnificent capitol and presidential residence were constructed along modern lines, and a \$4,000,000 national theater was built of marble, and in this Diaz, the man who never attended theaters, had a personal interest. As Diaz became rich he grew magnificent. Foreign potentates, whose citizens had received valuable concessions from him, presented him with decorations, and on state occasions he loaded his breast with these medals after the order of an eastern emperor. Yet Pueblo was able to measurably subdue his love of display and make him in manners something of the modern gentleman and financier. Magnificent *fiestas* were given often in the palace at Cha-

pultepec to foreign ambassadors, but these were placed in the hands of professionals, so that good taste was maintained along with the elegance; this gave Mexico standing with other governments, so at once strengthening and advertising the Dictator.

Papers all over the world began to exploit Mexico, and Diaz was extravagantly praised. He was compared to Washington, Napoleon, Cæsar, and even to Jesus Christ. Americans flocked to Mexico to see the country, but they were shown only the fine forests, the bountiful crops, the well-ordered *haciendas*, the beautiful scenery, the plentiful game and rich fisheries, and only the things to exploit appeared in the papers. If the reporters did catch a sight of frail peons, men and women, staggering under loads that would stall an ox, or saw them drudging half-naked in the field or huddled about the wretched *patios*,* they were considered as things apart from humanity, as one of the resources and inducements of Mexico, like cattle and sheep. When written about it was as a curious phase of life, not as though they were human beings that suffered injustice. Diaz, the man who offered these riches to the world, was lionized by the world.

Yet, even at this time, there arose a rival, who, because of popularity with the poorer classes, was feared by Diaz. The president wanted to send him to Belem or employ *ley fuga* against him, but Pueblo insisted on different treatment and carried through his scheme in detail.

The rival was invited to dine with the president and could not well decline. At the table he was treated with every consideration and partook of an excellent menu. But, after a discourse on the beauties of France and its climate, Diaz remarked that he knew his friend would enjoy living there.

"So sure am I," he added, "that, mindful of your comfort and pleasure, I have already bought you a villa there and take pleasure in presenting you with a deed to it."

"But—but I haven't sufficient income to afford it," protested the rival.

"Ah, my friend, I will see to that. I have provided

*Dwelling of the poor. *Fiestas*—Feasts.

a pension for you. I have also engaged passage for you, and the boat leaves in an hour."

"But my family has made no preparation for such a trip."

"Again we will relieve you of care. We will see that your dear ones are prepared and given transportation on a boat that follows. You will be relieved from all care in the matter. And I hope you will find France an ideal place to live. My private guard will accompany you to the boat. Go with my blessing and highest consideration."

With these words the rival was hurried to the waiting boat. He never returned to Mexico and was a rival to Diaz no longer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INVASION OF MEXICO.

THEY CAME from America to spy out the land, finding it of infinite variety and eternal charm. Stretches of water front unsurpassed, with splendid harbors; great rivers; mountains of mineral; magnificent trees; soil that spouted flowers and fruits. Forests where it was necessary to use the *machette* to clear a way in the dense foliage; it was a land which might be described in scriptural words, "flowing with milk and honey."

There were natural fields of para grass, places where pineapples grew, forests of *amata* or white mahogany, and *tampaziran*, or rosewood; and everywhere flowers, flowers, flowers. Shrubs and trees were festooned with wild honeysuckles, which perfumed the woods. Morning-glories of red, blue, pink and yellow, large and velvety, matted the trees, the vines clambering fifty feet in height. Underneath and overhead was a wilderness of flowers, a dash and riot of color. *Grackles*, or blackbirds, shining black and of infinite variety; the canon wren with a voice like the dripping of water in a cool ravine; the house finch singing continuously about the fields; the vermillion fly-catcher flashing ruby in the light; the brown *pipito*, slipping from sight the moment he was seen, and a thousand other birds singing like cherubs amid the rose-trees and heliotropes, and even in the parks and the city trees, made Mexico a place of beauty, of song and abounding life.

Into this country Americans swarmed. This was the invasion of the small capitalists, of the middle class. With land at a few cents an acre, with peon labor to be obtained at a few cents a day, with soil and climate that would admit of three or four crops a year, it was easy to get a start, and life itself was easy. Investors did not have to work to any great extent, and at the same time they grew into competence and even opulence. American colonies were formed in and around various cities and towns, and

English newspapers and American ways began to prevail.

At the same time, or a little later, perhaps, the invasion of the aggregations of capital known as trusts began. The government, as part of its franchise, retained supervision of these greater enterprises, which was hailed as government ownership, but which was more truly a partnership of the Dictator in the businesses he licensed. A foreigner whose sagacity was vouched for by Pueblo was made supervisor of these corporations, which made him, while nominally a state officer, in reality a business partner of the president. Standard Oil came in as the Mexican Petroleum Co., with a capitalization of \$50,000,000; the copper trust, capitalized for operation in Mexico, at \$60,000,000, came to control the Cannae mines discovered by Colonel Breen, various smelters, and other enterprises. The meat trust came with a capitalization of \$20,000,000 as the Mexican National Packing Co. The lumber trust came as the Sierra Madra Land and Lumber Co., with a capitalization of \$18,000,000. The National railways of Mexico, financed for \$605,000,000, chiefly by American capital, were controlled by the Dictator as one system, and paid him well. The Guggenheim Exploration Co., whose business it was to find and appropriate mines, an interest in which was retained by the government, that is, by Diaz, came with a capitalization of \$20,000,000. The American lead trust, the sugar trust, the rubber trust, all invested in Mexico under conditions which made them partners of Diaz. In olden days Joseph had made Pharaoh a monopolist of Egypt through a seizure of land, but Pueblo and the foreign business manager of the modern Mexican Dictator made him part owner in practically all of Mexico, through a seizure of the land from which the crops came and out of which minerals and oils were drawn. And the latter monopoly was the more profitable and complete.

"Are you not afraid to give Diaz such power over you?" asked the American of Colonel Breen. "In the United States you would oppose government ownership."

"It is different there. There the government is supposed to mean the people and the heads of it are always changing. Here the government means Diaz and it is a

great advantage to have as a business partner a man who has absolute power. It is to his financial interest to keep down disorder and to give us cheaper labor; and Diaz does it."

His foreign business manager also taught the president another trick.

"You have your hands on the big investments," he said, "but the small farmer has almost escaped you. You can get your proper tribute from him if you will."

"How?" asked the Dictator.

"By manipulating markets. You have absolute control of transportation. You also control the press. These things will give you control of prices, if you wish them. At harvest time cause there to be a report of abounding crops to be sent out. At the same time let there be a shortage of cars so that planters will have to depend on local markets. They will accordingly sell low and you can purchase. Then you can boom prices in a strong market. This will give you your share in the product of the planters and *haciendas*, which is due you for the protection afforded them."

The program was carried out, resulting in vast additions to the Dictator's fortune. At the same time it made him practically a business partner with every planter in Mexico, and, as Colonel Breen said, this made him ready to protect these planters and obtain cheap labor for them. It was an arrangement, now, much more far-reaching than that of Joseph in Egypt, showing Diaz as greater than Joseph, as one newspaper man pointed out, and at the same time producing no more slavery than when the Israelites were placed under the yoke of Pharaoh.

It was at this time that Colonel Breen made his memorable trip to New York. He was prosperous and spent money with a lavish hand. He got drunk there and was criticised by Tom Lawson in a caustic way. As a result of this publication Colonel Breen published big advertisements in the papers, saying that at a certain hour the next day he would call on Lawson. It was known that Colonel Breen had killed a dozen Apaches in one battle, and New York grew excited over the coming meeting. As the hour

of meeting drew near thousands gathered in front of the hotel where Lawson stopped. The Bostonian descended the stairs and posted himself in the doorway with a pistol in either hand. When Colonel Breen approached, the crowd fairly held its breath. But Breen drew near with both hands extended, exclaiming in hearty voice:

"Hello, Tom! Let's have a drink."

The two entered the bar together, and the crowd outside heard them talking and laughing in the heartiest manner possible.

"Are you going to sell your new stock?" asked Lawson. "They say in the street that Rogers is prepared to defeat your plan."

Colonel Breen laughed. "They are riding for a rail," he replied. "My friends will take the stock, and I am going to take a bit myself. Here is my check for \$150,000 I have just made out for my share."

"Are you not afraid to risk the money against the Standard Oil crowd?"

"Why, this is only pin money," replied the big miner, tossing the check on the counter, "I'll match you for it, heads or tails."

"No, keep your check. You risk too much on the toss of a coin."

"I'm always lucky. I've had my biggest luck when everything seemed to be against me. Four years ago Wall street hooted at my copper mines, but now they are the biggest things in Mexico. I'll sell my new mine to the Amalgamated for \$2,000,000."

"Rogers wouldn't touch it for that."

"If he doesn't take it now he will have to pay fifty million for it."

And within five years he did. The town of Cananea sprung up around the new mines, a town where saloons and dance halls ran wide open and where half the population staid up all night—a cosmopolitan town of Americans, Mexicans, Indians and Chinamen—where 8,000 worked in the mines which Colonel Breen managed for the Amalgamated and incidentally for Diaz also. Colonel Breen visited a newspaper office in the states where a beautiful

woman was typesetter. He had never courted her, but he approached her with the remark:

“Tired of the work, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Then let’s quit and get married.”

She did, and became the queen of the mines over which her husband ruled with almost the power of a czar.

CHAPTER XIX.

PEONAGE.

WHEN the commons, which had been used by the poor people as they wished, rent free, were given to Americans and supporters of Diaz, it not only made some rich and ardent friends of the Dictator, but it left some fourteen million people without lands to cultivate. They hired out to work the farms, operate the mines, and in the towns became menials, scavengers, and bearers of burdens. They were not only reduced to the lowest possible wage; but in many cases were compelled to buy their supplies from company or *hacienda* stores, and were charged such prices that they found themselves always in debt. These debts descended from father to child, so that the peon found himself bound to the land just as serfs were in olden times, except that in the case of the peons the bond was a debt. When a *hacienda* was sold the peons went with it. Wages ran from six to twenty-five cents a day. The peons dressed usually in a single garment, often a mere rag, and ate chiefly *tortilla* beans, and corn ground between stones, as being the cheapest articles of diet. They lived in grass huts or mud *patios*, and around their dwellings flocks of feathered scavengers hovered, perpetually seeking crumbs of *tortilla* or *frijole*, Audubon's warbler with its yellow breast making the only music that entered their pitiful lives.

The peon was always an object of interest to the visiting American, but he seemed only a necessary part of the strange land that was half mediæval and half modern. Here was a street car, passing through streets that were lined with houses that antedated the advent of Europeans to these shores; by side of the mules who pulled it walked a man barefooted and with torn sombrero, yet with a gaily colored *zerape* thrown over his shoulder, lashing the mules with a *quirt*. Gambling is so prevalent that even the street car tickets contain numbers that may possibly draw something at some of the many lotteries. Often one

sees children stark naked in the streets. Street vendors of the poor are everywhere crying, "*Gorditas de horno, Toman nues,*" while flies buzz around their wares. By the roadside sit women with smooth stones before them, grinding corn with something like rolling pins applied to these stones, and from a gourd partly filled with precious water she mixes the *tortilla* dough, flattens it between her hands, and bakes it on a sheet of iron over charcoals, offering it to the passersby. At her side a pot boils with *frijole* beans. Everywhere, among the better class, that is, of course, the richer, white umbrellas are carried to shield one from the hot sun. The poorer have heavier burdens. The *cargadors* answer for drays, picking up and carrying loads that are a perpetual marvel to Americans. There are no old peons; they do not live to be more than thirty. In cold weather the poor huddle over pots in which a few sticks burn; for their huts let in not only cold, but also the light. Sometimes mothers in the depths of poverty and degradation lead their thirteen and fourteen year old daughters around and offer them to Americans for enough to keep the rest of the family in life for only a little while. Girls of seventeen who have been thus used and discarded, offer their faded beauty on the streets, or beg with the urchins for "*solo uno centava, senor.*" But, whether of high or low class, the Mexicans are always picturesque, and, like the cat, always graceful.

In Mexico serfdom was brought by the priests from Europe and the middle ages; and when capitalism superceded it, they modified serfdom into capitalistic form, inventing peonage. The seizure of the public lands by Diaz made the institution national in scope, while the advertising of peon labor brought capital to Mexico from all over the world.

"Yes, they are poor, but they are the happiest people on earth," said Colonel Breen to an American who asked concerning the peons. It was what Americans said in the southern states of the negroes.

"You wouldn't like to try to be happy in their situation?"

"H—! no. I couldn't be happy situated as they are.

Neither could you. But if you could see them at their monthly *fandango* you would think they never had a care."

"I have heard they never smile or sing."

"It is a mistake. They seldom smile or sing, but sometimes they do. It is bad enough, I admit that. But it is the Spaniards and the middle-class Americans who treat them the worst; just as in the United States, the big corporations pay the highest wages; the corporations have no time to haggle over trying to keep them in debt. Of course, we get them cheap, but when they work for us they practically cease to be peons, and become merely low-grade workmen."

Colonel Breen was trying to excuse himself. He continued:

"On the *haciendas* armed overseers guard the peon workmen during the sixteen hours of labor and see that none escape. Often they are lashed. There is no conversation, no laughter while they toil. Barefooted in summer, in winter having only a blanket and sandals, they moil and drudge, without schooling, without medical attention, without church privileges except as once a month the priest comes to tell them to be content with their lot and to collect all off their penury he can obtain by coaxing and threats. They live in one-room huts of straw and cane, without windows or floor, through the cracks of which the nipping winds blow cold in winter. Stories are told of peons who by working at night built themselves measurably comfortable adobe houses, and of overseers who evicted them from these houses and turned them into stables for stock, leaving the peons to shift for themselves. Things are bad enough, heaven knows. I could tell some terrible things if I chose to do so."

"Suppose you do."

"Down in Yucatan half a dozen men own practically all the land, which is poor and hard to cultivate. There real slavery exists, though it is carefully concealed, because the constitution prohibits slavery. Let a man get in debt to another, no difference how free he might have been, no difference though he may have been well educated, and he is placed at work to pay the debt. He never escapes the

life, and his children after him are enslaved and sold at the will of the master. Guards and bloodhounds keep him from escaping, if it was possible for anyone to get away where all avenues of escape are owned by the masters and are fully patroled by them."

"Doesn't the government know of this?"

"Of course it does. But the government believes with a certain rich American, that accumulated capital is the source of all wealth and should be encouraged. He believes with this American that the poor should pay the taxes, because they are thriftless and of no benefit to the community. There is this about it. The hennepin kings are educated and refined—real men."

"Manhood resting on such suffering?"

"Sure. It never rested on anything but the bodies of others."

"Won't you tell me? I am 'safe,' you know."

"Sure you are safe. No American is going to kick on peonage if he sees he will profit from it."

"Give me some 'modern instances.' "

"A planter on one of the *haciendas* lighted his cigar as a signal for the beginning of the flogging of a peon who had offended, and the beating continued until the cigar was smoked out. The victim was carried out unconscious and afterward died."

"Terrible, terrible! What else?"

"A certain peon, whose feet were literally eaten away by lice and flies, was reported as unable to work. The overseer asked how long the fellow would live, and being told that he would probably not last a week, sent him to the field to hobble on his bleeding stumps until he fell dead at his toil.

"Sometimes, when a peon would die, the body would be fed to alligators, because a coffin for burial cost \$1.50, and the master wished to save this expense. But that was only business. I do not approve of the licentiousness which prevails. In some cases young girls or good looking wives are subject to the lechery of the dispoiling foremen. There is no recourse for the victim but suicide. But this is an

inheritance from the past and belongs naturally to the Spaniard."

"These are terrible conditions, indeed."

"Bad enough, bad enough. Still, they are isolated cases. You can no more judge of peonage from these horrible examples than you could judge of slavery by the few who were maltreated under that institution, or of present American institutions by the children of the slums who are compelled to eat from garbage barrels. In Monterey a peon was one day seen leading his sixteen year old daughter from house to house with a rope around her neck, offering her for sale, and nothing seemed to be thought of it. But, then, I recently read where some parents in America advertised to give away their baby; so one offsets the other."

"But don't you think Diaz is responsible for it?"

"There is the shrewdest man in the world," he said. "He couldn't prevent peonage any more than you could prevent the slum in American cities; the absorption of the land was bound to come in Mexico just as in the United States. But seeing that he cannot prevent it, he uses it to his advantage. He is a hard duck to dicker with; I know from experience; but I admire him immensely."

"I have heard he is cruel."

"So are all Spaniards and Indians. When you handle a bramble you must do it with a firm hand. If you would have peace you must first fight like the devil. Diaz is severe, but that means order and security, and nothing else would answer in this country."

"But it is terrible that people should be treated so."

"They never have been treated otherwise, and could not be treated decently. The greaser is lower than the nigger. You can't make anything out of him but a beast of burden. I don't believe in cruelty to them any more than I do in cruelty to animals, but they must be kept down and in their place. Diaz knows it, and does his duty well."

The certain rich American referred to is T. B. Walker, the big timber king.

Gorditas de horno—Hot cakes for sale.

Toman nues—Will you have nuts?

Cargadors—Carriers of burdens.

Solo uno centavo, senor—Just one cent, Mister.

CHAPTER XX.

YAQUI LAND.

"GENERAL, I want to relieve you of a great deal of trouble," remarked the governor of Senora to President Diaz one day.

"That is certainly kind," replied the president. "What is your proposition? To take my office, or my money?"

"Neither. To take your quarrel. The Mexican government has been warring the Yaquis for half a century, without making much impression on them. They are a hard proposition. They spend all their earnings in buying ammunition with which to fight our forces, and those who work give all to keep men in the field. You know that fellow who joined our army, learned military tactics and then employed the knowledge he had gained against us. I am getting tired of this."

"You want to exterminate them, I see. That is rather summary."

"It is the final outcome, as you know. The white man must take the place of the Indian."

General Diaz flushed. He remembered that he, too, was part Indian. But the governor wisely added:

"Our destiny, general, lies with the white people, largely with the Anglo-Saxons, as you well know. Well, as extermination is the inevitable outcome, why not let it come at once? The United States has deported the Indians from the east to western territories, and still the inevitable end is extermination. I merely propose to do at once the work that has to be done. Give me the use of the army and I will clean them out."

"You want the lands as your reward for doing the work, I presume?"

"Of course."

"Well, go ahead. But I must have my usual commission."

"Oh, certainly."

The Yaquis were survivors of the Aztecs who were conquered by Cortez. After the subjugation of their country they fled west to the borders of the Gulf of California and settled around the Yaqui river. They claimed the land was allotted to them by treaty, but the Spaniards deny this. It is a rich country, a vast plain, unbroken by *arroyo*, canyon, or ravine. Every year the river overflows like the Nile and distributes a layer of silt that insures a bountiful crop. The Yaquis built neither wigwam or tepee, but constructed villages of adobe, with plazas where their own bands discoursed music in the evening. In the woods that skirted the river, wild ducks, quail, and other game fowls were tame as chickens. Deer and mountain sheep ranged the hills and wild horses awaited only the lasso and saddle to come to their service. Oyster beds at the mouth of the river and *bonita*, smelt, mackerel, herring, and other fish supplied them food. Life was easy in Yaqui land, and the people were hospitable and devout. Before this time there had been desultory effort to obtain their lands, but the Yaquis resisted to a man, and but little progress had been made in the conquest of these 200,000 people. But now a syndicate was behind it, now the dispossessing of the Yaquis was a business proposition, and the work was systematized. The first thing done was to seize on the Yaqui bank and confiscate \$80,000 that had been deposited therein. Next they fired the house of the chief, ravished his wife and assaulted a number of Yaqui women. This meant war. It was prosecuted with vigor by the syndicate, with the aid of *rurales* and government troops. The chief was captured and shot. The Yaquis elected another chief and warred as best they could. This gave the syndicate excuse to declare them outlaws and to confiscate their lands, which thus passed into the hands of the syndicate as rapidly as possession of it could be taken. In one case a village of Yaquis was captured and so many people, men and women, were hanged that the supply of rope gave out and it was necessary to use the same rope five or six times. Another time two hundred Yaquis, men, women and children, were taken in a gunboat and dropped into the ocean, all perishing. A reward of one hundred dollars was offered

to every soldier who would kill a Yaqui, the presentation of the ears to the authorities to be the evidence in the case. There exists in the city of Mexico a picture of a string of ears that was brought in at one time, a minor official being taken with them, wearing a broad smile of satisfaction. The Yaquis fled to the woods and mountain fastnesses, from which they would descend on Spanish villages. Once they captured a town, and 600 Spanish women and children, taking them to the mountains in revenge for the cruelty that had been practiced on their own families. Straggling Yaquis were captured and asked for information as to where the Yaquis were in hiding, and many were hung because they refused to betray their people. Some put the rope around their own necks and told the soldiers to hang them at once and not insult them with a demand that they prove traitors. The Yaqui lands were seized, together with all the property the people had, and the Yaquis scattered and hired out, some times becoming peons with American and Mexican planters and miners. They were liked, because they were the best workers that could be obtained, strong, clean, independent, athletic.

But now a new element entered into the warfare of extermination. The hennepin kings of Yucatan wanted more slaves, and offered an average price of \$65 for every Yaqui delivered to them. It was a splendid business proposition, and the deportation of the Yaquis began. While the men were away the little brown women and their children were stolen away, driven on boats and carried to Yucatan. Yaqui workingmen were taken from mines, railroads and farms, and driven over the long road to the gulf coast, many dying on the way, then crowded into the hold of boats and shipped until they came to the land of slavery. This work of deportation, after the capture was effected, netted one man, who received \$10 for every slave delivered, \$150,000 in four years. The business was so profitable that more than Yaquis were taken, other Indians, who had never resisted the government, being captured and "sold south." In many cases peons belonging to small planters were taken and deported. On the long journey the men would carry the children on their shoulders, and

when the weak would die, would bury them by the side of the road. On arriving at Yucatan the families were separated, and broken up. Then the women were compelled to marry Chinamen, being whipped until they consented; for every child they bore was worth \$200 to the hennepin kings who owned them. Yucatan is a hot, malarious country, and the slaves were worked from twelve to sixteen hours a day. Many died within a few months, but even when sick they were forced into service until they fell at their toil. If they resisted they were whipped with wet ropes that broke the skin at every blow.

"What brutes these hennepin kings must be!" exclaimed an American whose peons had been taken from him.

"On the contrary," replied Colonel Breen, "they are refined and educated men, living in elegance and taste."

"How can it be when they permit such atrocities?"

"It couldn't be otherwise. It never is. Men who work never have time for refinement, never have opportunity for education and elegance. It is the worker who is degraded, not the man who benefits from his work. Don't be squeamish. It may seem cruel, but so is it cruel to kill and eat beef. But that is what makes men strong and fat. It is so in this case."

"But they took my peons."

"Let us be quiet as to that. What right had you to have peons?"

"I treated them decently. They were satisfied with me. But they were taken away and sold where they are treated in the most shameful and barbaric manner."

"Yet it is wise warfare," was the reply. "Americans spent three generations in deporting the Indians, first to Kansas, then to Indian territory, and after all this, it is necessary to destroy them. Was I not here when the Americans ran Geronimo down into Sonora, where he and his Apaches hid in the mountains and the miner was in constant danger of death? The old saying is right: 'The only good Indian is a dead Indian.' He must be run out, and the quicker it is done the more humane it is."

It was not long after this until the Yaquis were practically exterminated, and the lands they had held were

offered on the market. Americans began to flock to Senora and invest where the returns were sure to be enormous. One day Colonel Breen met the American who had objected to the deportation of the Yaquis, and said:

"Don't you see I was right? Instead of the Indian, we are now to have a white man's state. It was worth a great deal to you to have this done. Think of it. Senora will yield \$20,000,000 of silver a year, and our copper properties will double in value. It is another California to be exploited. You can raise eight crops of alfalfa a year in Senora."

The American was less inclined to complain than he had been, because he saw as well as anyone the advantage it would be to him. Afterward at the City of Mexico he heard that the president had wept when he was told of the harsh measures that had been used with the Yaquis, saying that he was sorry repression was necessary.

"And I had thought of him as a barbarian, an Indian," he said to a learned American who was in the city.

"Perhaps he is. But he is also from one of the greatest and oldest families in the world, a true descendant of a great man. Bartholomew Diaz preceded DeGama to the southern extremity of Africa before America was known to the Europeans, and though he failed to find the passage to India, Bartholomew Columbus, who was with him, gave his brother the idea that led to the discovery of America, presenting his plan to Henry VII before Christopher took it up. Diaz is of an old family, who helped in the early days of discovery."

"Yet they tell us that Porfirio is cruel."

"Rather," responded the learned American. "He has the paw of a cat, which is as soft as velvet and as sharp as a knife. He has the voice of a cat that both purrs and screams."

"Then he realizes his guilt?"

"He does not know he is guilty. Did you ever see a cat returning from the devouring of a bird she has caught, licking her chops, switching her tail? A moment later she is lying on the rug purring softly, gentle and kindly-eyed under your caressing hand. She feels at peace with the

world, and, so far from having qualms of conscience, so far from apologizing for a manifestation of that which was a part of her nature, she was immensely satisfied with herself as an exponent of virtue. That cat is Porfirio Diaz. I saw him after the slaughter of Juchitan receive a delegation of school children, and he was all gentleness, all benevolence, and apparently as innocent as any of the little ones."

CHAPTER XXI.

STRAINING AT THE BONDS.

"SOME DAY there will come a strike in Mexico," said Colonel Breen. "You know how they came in America at a certain stage of development—at Homestead, at Pullman, at Chicago. We shall find how much better these things are handled where the government has a financial interest in the concern where the strike occurs."

Striking began at Orizaba in the state of Vera Cruz. There were nearly a hundred textile mills in Mexico, which unitedly paid \$2,000,000 revenue to the government annually. Several of these were situated in the state of Vera Cruz and working conditions were reported to be very bad. A strike was in progress at Pueblo, and the operators at Orizaba were financially aiding the strikers. Complaint was made of this action, and the Orizaba mills closed down, thus cutting off this source of revenue the strikers had. Then the Orizaba workmen made demands for better conditions ere they resumed work, turning the lockout into a strike, and sending a delegate to the president in order to elicit his sympathy. Aid was promised and soldiers were dispatched to Orizaba. Before they arrived there was a riot in which a store was burned, but the civil authorities restored order and work was resumed in the mills by the strikers, who relied on the government to give them justice. Nevertheless, soldiers were posted behind pillars and walls when the troops arrived, and when the workmen, men and women, were on their way to work in the early morning, suddenly a terrible fusilade was opened upon them. The unarmed people who were not wounded tried to flee, but were shot down as they ran. Some stumbled on ever prostrate bodies, with blood streaming from their own wounds as they ran. Others slipped on spattered brains that snowed the street, and were in turn shot as they tried to 'rise. Women and children were screaming, seeking in vain to escape amid the smoke. They were followed into

the streets, into the fields, even up into the mountains. When the workmen took refuge in their own houses, they were shot through the windows and the houses were set on fire. The slaughter was so terrible that at last the *rurales* themselves refused to proceed further, and some of them were shot for insubordination. More than 600 men, women and children perished that day. At night some 500 mangled bodies were piled on flat cars and covered from sight with straw. The funeral train was driven to Vera Cruz and the dead were transferred to boats. Then the bodies were taken out to sea and thrown to the sharks.

The next strike occurred in Colonel Breen's mills at Cannanea. It is rumored that Colonel Breen wanted a strike in order to force down the stock that he might acquire a larger interest in it. The workmen were unorganized and had not thought of striking until the order came suddenly from some unknown source to quit work. Everyone of the 3,000 miners laid down his tools. Moreover, they entered into the spirit of the strike with a determination to win and proceeded to a large lumber yard in order to provoke a sympathetic strike there. As they drew near, the managers of the lumber yard turned the hose on them, and they, angered by the attack, responded by charging the managers and beating them to death with their fists. At this point two proprietors of the lumber yard came on the scene and fired on the crowd, killing several of the strikers. Colonel Breen now came to the yard in an automobile, and following him quickly, in some mysterious manner, came 300 rangers from the state of Arizona, and several Americans. The latter were speedily armed with guns which Colonel Breen had stored in his cellar in anticipation of such an event. Then the battle began. Colonel Breen stood in his automobile at the head of a street, pouring round after round into the ranks of the Mexicans in the street. American soldiers and American citizens, equally well posted, shot often into the helpless crowd. It was a battle between Greasers and Gringoes. With bare hands the Mexicans rushed again and again toward the Breen automobile, but each time were repulsed, until the street was paved with human bodies. After the strikers

were all dead or wounded, the Americans went from house to house shooting in at doors and windows.

The next day the *rurales* came to make arrests. Not an American was apprehended. Only the strikers and their friends were taken and thrust into the hurriedly constructed stockades. When all who were rebellious against working conditions had been rounded up, they were taken into the hills and hung to trees. The mysterious invasion of Mexico by American troops was not resented by Diaz.

Soon after these events President Diaz issued a proclamation in which he fixed the limit of wages that could be paid in various occupations. To pay more became illegal. To ask for more was rebellion. It illustrated the value to capitalists of having at the head of affairs a man who was financially interested in their business.

Yet this was the beginning of the end of Colonel Breen. He was ambitious for himself, and refused to be ruled by the copper trust. As a result the copper trust "rolled" him. When his fortunes began to decline, family troubles came. Within a few years, deserted by his friends and left again almost penniless, he took up his home in the mountains, a hermit of business. The circle was completed and the romance of business with him had ended in tragedy.

This Drama of Business, this fourth act of the remarkable life of Porfirio Diaz, here finds its end. Each of these acts might be worked into a five act drama, complete within itself, and all of these dramas might be made into a larger five act play.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNITING TWO NATIONS.

AT THIS POINT the Jesuit, Violeta, came from Rome to Mexico seeking an audience with Diaz. He was the man who, as papal delegate, had effected settlement of the friar land problem in the Philippines through the good offices of Judge Benjamin Daft. Judge Daft was now secretary of state in the United States, and a candidate for the nomination for the presidency.

"I have heard much of General Diaz in Europe," began the nuncio. "There he is regarded as a soldier and statesman equal to the first Caesar. I do not wish to flatter you, but the Holy Father regards you as among the few really great men of all time."

Diaz was clearly impressed. "His holiness does me too much honor," he said. "If there is any way in which I can show my appreciation of his good will, I shall be glad to do so."

But Violeta was too astute a diplomat to make the request at that time. He first made himself agreeable to the president, and then paid his respects to his wife, a good Catholic, in order to get the benefit of her influence. It was more than a week before he stated the object of his visit to Mexico. Then he began:

"When Mexico controlled the state of California, the Mexican nation supported several missions in that state, but payment ceased when transfer of the state was made to the United States. It is the desire of the Holy Father at Rome that Mexico should make good what she owes on these missions."

The beady eyes of the president glittered angrily, but he replied in even voice:

"California has been recognized as one of the United States since 1846, hence Mexico can owe nothing of the claim you make."

"A matter of opinion, your excellency. But we will say no more of the matter at present."

The next day the nuncio telegraphed to Washington a statement of the case, with a request that the state department, of which Judge Daft was the head, use its good offices with Diaz in the matter. The dispatch ended with the words, in cypher: "Thus you may add to the gratitude which your tolerant and impartial settlement of the friar land controversy in the Philippines inspired in the Catholics of your favored country."

A few days later the state department at Washington opened negotiations with Mexico, and Diaz went to Pueblo for advice.

"You see," Pueblo explained to Diaz, "Judge Daft is candidate for president of the United States, and naturally wishes the good opinion of the Catholics, who control two million votes. The granting of this request will mean his election. It will also place him under obligation to you, and you may find his good offices desirable later on."

"In what way could he benefit me?"

"Well, you know there is a junta in the United States which is beginning to agitate against your administration. It would be convenient for you to have in the presidential chair at Washington a man who was under obligations to you, for he could turn these men over to you."

Forthwith the claim of \$1,500,000 for contributions to California missions was allowed by Diaz. Violeta had won again.

"You see," explained the nuncio when he came to express his gratitude to the president, "Mexico and the United States will of necessity be brought into closer relations from now on. Indeed, your excellency, through securing American capital for the development of your wonderful resources, has contributed greatly to that result. Moreover, we are now in a position where we can be of great service to you, both here and in America. Not only through our American and foreign press can we secure your reputation, but we are now in a position where the Catholics practically control America and will more fully control it in the future."

"I have noticed claims of that nature made by American prelates. But on what do you base the claim?"

"We first demonstrated our power in politics by twice electing Cleveland president. Mr. Hanna saw the situation, and freely declared that in the future the church would become the bulwark of present institutions against rising rebellion and majorities shifted to the other party by nearly a million. Since then we have been courted by the big capitalists and the party of the big capitalists. We have already had, to all intents and purposes, two Catholic presidents, and will also elect Judge Daft. In time the Philippinos and they of Porto Rico will vote. They are very largely Catholics, and, added to the balance of power which we now hold in the United States, will almost give us a majority of the votes. We may be losing ground in Spain, but we are gaining with the Anglo-Saxon."

The president made no reply, but the nuncio knew that his words had had their effect. A few days later he was talking with a prelate in the United States. Then he said:

"If we can induce America to take up the territory to its possessions at Panama, it would give us full control. Even as it is, with the peon denied a vote, it would give us control of the United States. Or if, as seems possible, the peon was made a citizen, the majority would be all the greater. It is excellent politics for us to urge the freeing of the peons as we urged the relief of the Cubans. It would arouse the Americans, and, whatever might come, would result in additional power for us."

The prelate considered a moment and then said:

"Diaz is growing old. He cannot last much longer, and after him will come the deluge. He is admitting the American from the north and must do so, and soon his country will be between two jaws, Panama and the United States."

"He knows it, and the big capitalists of the United States know it. Diaz understands that if the wrong man comes into power there will be uprisings in Mexico and America will have to interfere in order to protect American property and life. It is a condition that has come upon

Diaz because of his encouraging of foreign capital, and he sees it, now that it is too late. His sole hope for an integral existence for Mexico lies in securing a successor after his own order, and he is going to be very jealous of his power from now on."

It was after the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" speech of Burchard that Blaine was defeated and Cleveland elected. Afterward, when Hanna had made his declaration that Catholicism would prove the chief protection against Socialism, the vote was changed to a degree that was a surprise to all. Since then, the hierarchy has been the chief support of the party of the big capitalists. It was good politics on its part to support the party of the small capitalists after slavery had gone under; but it was better politics to become identified with the party of big capitalism when the change to the trust was effected.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN.”

HERE some will object that this is not a love story. But it is. Only, love is crowded underneath, as it always is in real life; submerged through the effort of some to remain at the top; always drowning, but never dead.

Imagine it. In the heart of everyone of the millions of peons blossomed the divine flower, sparkled the heavenly gem, which for a time transformed even the ugly surroundings into beauty. Think of the grinding toil that sapped the strength; of the humiliation of beatings and of being nothing; of being forced by those in power over them to drag the flower of love in the dirt of prostitution; of seeing loved children, fruit of that blossoming glory, growing weak or brutal at the task, having neither education or hope. All this to satisfy the ambition of the few. This is part of the story of love, ever ending and never ended.

Among the mated Yaquis struggling to maintain homes and raise families, love found a place in many manifestations. The first blush of maiden love; the untold tenderness of marital affection; the unspeakable love that is born of two and becomes flesh; parental love wearing itself to naught for little ones. Imagine this all brushed aside to please the ambitions and desires of a few. Imagine thousands of Yaquis driven to exile, families separated never to meet again, property confiscated, all made slaves and scattered so no one knew where others of the family were. Imagine wives forced to mate with yellow Chinamen, under threat of the lash on the bare back, so that they might rear children for purposes of slavery. This is the story of ten thousand *Evangelines*, the supreme tragedy of Love.

In the *Valle Nacional* where mechanics who sought work to support their families and then disappeared forever, the dispaired ones struggled under the lash, hopeless and yet completing terrible tragedies of love. Young girls who

had gone to the dance with their sweethearts were locked up under pretext of crime, taken to the Valle and there forced to become both slaves and mistresses. Sometimes men of wealth, who resisted the action of the authorities, were in a day transformed into slaves, with the prospect of only a year of life before them, and that a life of unspeakable drudgery. Surely these are cases of love turned awry.

Here are a thousand pictures for the imagination, sacred with tenderness and sweet with sorrow. Here are tragedies and poems that were written on human hearts with daggers. And behind it all lies the diabolical love of power and of gold and of the service of sense. The love of money is the root of evil!

But this is not all the love this story holds. At the first there were men who suffered hardships for love of their country. Now there began to arise a class, with a love transcending all others, ready to sacrifice for it comfort, home, life and even the more personal love of companion and children. This is the racial love.

A *junta* was formed, and Flores Ricardo Magon elected president. He was forced to forego the pleasant surroundings that had been his, and flee to America. Rivera and Villareal went with him. In St. Louis they started a little paper, with a meager circulation, in which they ventured to declare their love and hope of Mexican freedom. The United States considered this a hostile act, and they were forced to flee. Hiding in Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas, finally fleeing to Canada, love did not desert them, for they afterward returned to the United States, to California. Here they were arrested, charged with violating a city ordinance against spitting on the sidewalk, and lodged in jail. When this charge would not hold, another charge was made, and then another. They remained in an American prison more than a year, without trial, part of the time denied the right to see or communicate with their friends on the outside. And through it all the racial love, the dear love of comrades, failed them not.

In far Mexico there was another family, old and wealthy, who, smitten with this love, spoke things that

offended. Their stock was killed by night, and they left their property and hurriedly sought the United States. Antonio and Theresa Villareal-Gonzoles, sisters of one of the men in prison, supported their aged father by hard work, to which they had never been accustomed, denying themselves clothing, the joy of womankind, that they might spend more on the *junta*. Lovers they had in Mexico, but they renounced the partial for the general love.

"We cannot wed till Mexico is free," they said.

In this land of the free, where a Kossuth was once welcomed when a political refugee, these frail girls were hounded by Pinkertons who secured their dismissal from place after place; but still they struggled on, until Antonio was styled the Joan of Arc of Mexican liberty. "But I am not," she said. "These hands are too small to grasp the sword and battle-axe, and wield them in behalf of my beloved people. But they are not too small to grasp the pen and write things for the sake of liberty."

At another point in the land of Manana Gueterrez De Lara, a former diplomat and circuit judge, a man whose family had been prominent in public affairs for generations, caught the new spirit, surrendering his office, and came with his wife to America to do, he knew not what, only to give expression to his love for liberty. Here he came upon a newspaper reporter, John K. Turner, and told him of conditions in his native land.

"I should like to see it for myself," said Turner.

"I will go with you and show you," was the reply.

They disguised themselves and went, at the risk of their lives, Turner as a wealthy American seeking investment, DeLara as a Mexican friend finding him a location. It seemed a little thing to do, but it was a seed that was destined to bear fruit.

The tiny paper with its small circulation was a trifle compared with the two mighty nations now related in investments, and with the thousands of great presses that were silenced as to Mexican conditions. The self-sacrifice of the Villareal girls was buried from sight amid the sky-scrappers and pretentious mansions of American capitalists. But paper and sacrifice were seeds that were des-

tined, perhaps, from the very fact that they were buried from sight, to sprout and grow. And the germ of these living seeds was love. Love never faileth. And now abide, faith, hope and love; but the greatest of these is love.

At this time the revolution began prematurely. But the suffering peons could not be held off longer. Attack was made on Las Vacas, on the northern border of Mexico, on June 28, 1908. The ragged and poorly armed revolutionists made assault after assault on the soldiers who defended the town. The battle continued from early morning until noon. The barracks of the soldiers were burned. Then the revolutionists, being out of ammunition, ceased their attacks, and the battle was over.

"It is the Socialists you have to face now," said Pueblo to Diaz. "It will require alertness and skill to meet the situation." He was only a colonel on the president's personal staff, yet he dared to say things that others dared not.

"Vigor I think will be sufficient," replied the president.

"It was not so with Bismarck in Germany."

"But the Socialists are few in North America."

"As capitalism develops they will increase in numbers. You might kill all there are today, and tomorrow there would be a new crop."

Diaz had now had long experience as a ruler and was inclined to trust his own judgment. Of late he had been reading Machiavelli and Nietzsche, and was pleasantly surprised to find reflected in their bold utterances his own private views. It pleased him to read instruction to "men of the clan of the lion and the tribe of the eagle" how to "govern, deceive and exploit the vast multitudes of submissive creatures and mental degenerates who habitually place their trust in voting and praying and toiling rather than in gold and iron." He read with interest the "process of manipulating public opinion to suit any intended purpose, so that one might win applause, master states and become a tyrant." He mused over expressions like these: "Man must be trained for war and women for the relaxation of the warrior. All else is folly." "Thou shalt love no one but thy friend, and above all, thou shalt hate thy enemy."

"When the mob is about to play the tyrant, we must invent a stronger tyrant than they." "Compassion is a miserable weakness. It spoils and befuddles popular judgment, and ruins men for action." "I have laughed many times over the weaklings who thought they were 'good' because they had lame paws." "Vigorous eras, noble civilizations, see something contemptible in 'sympathy,' in 'brotherly love,' and in the lack of self-assertion and self-reliance." "The highest specimens of the human race are not those of the lamb-like disposition, but those in whom the soul of the lion predominates—in whom angry passions rage. The ideal man is ever a man of rebellious and ungovernable nature; he whom no law can reign over and no master terrify. The word obedience is not in his vocabulary. He looks with scorn upon the petty rules and petty idols of the petty millions, but, knowing he is in a dangerous minority, he thinks and acts and says nothing—not even to his friend. In him is the spirit of the lion. He prowls. He masters others and is not mastered." "The unity of the human species is an illusion. There are many breeds of men, and each one of them different in origin and in material, different in body, mind and soul. There is no uniformity in the birth or lives or blood or brains of men. Hence the equality of men, so loudly voiced by the messiahs and rabbis and rabble and politicians, is the most absurd of all falsehoods." The Dictator read and smiled. He saw the way of the mighty, and it was the way in which he had walked alone. "I shall," he thought, "say nothing, but I understand better than Pueblo. I shall be able to circumvent rebellion and even the Jesuit learned in these things; for now I have his books."

Diaz rushed troops to the border. He called on the president of the United States, who sent soldiers to patrol the northern bank of the Rio Grande. Every revolutionist the Americans found was thrown into jail. The revolutionists the Mexican soldiers apprehended were promptly shot. A reward of \$100 was offered by the Dictator for every revolutionist slain, and it is said that the soldiers slaughtered innocent peons by the wholesale, exhibiting their bodies as evidence of the death of revolutionists, and

so enriched themselves. For weeks after the battle the air around Las Vacas was foul with the smell of rotting peons. When news of the battle of Las Vacas reached other portions of Mexico, there were other uprisings, but there was no concert of action, and the revolutionists were speedily beaten down.

Those who had been most active in the demonstrations fled to the United States. Meantime an election occurred in that country, and, after the lapse of several months, Judge Daft became president of the northern republic. So soon as he took up the reins of government the prosecution of the revolutionists began in the United States. After being held at Los Angeles *incommunicado* for several months, Magon and his associates were taken, without their attorney being informed, and under heavy guard, to Arizona, for trial on charge of conspiring to violate the neutrality law. They were found guilty and sentenced to a penitentiary in the United States for eighteen months.

Then the prosecution of other revolutionists in the United States began. Aged Guerra, who could not speak English, said the interpreter told him his attorney instructed him to plead guilty, and, doing this, he received his sentence to a federal prison. Afterward it appeared that the attorney had told him not to plead guilty. Manuel Sarabia was imprisoned before the people understood. Aurojo for violating neutrality laws was railroaded to prison in Kansas. One by one revolutionists were arrested, tried and convicted until there were twenty Mexicans in prison in the United States. The Mexican *junta* was scattered and inoperative.

"You were right," said Diaz to Pueblo, in urging the wisdom of putting the American president under obligations to me. Except for his help I would not have been able to accomplish what I have done. But how you erred in saying that I could not crush that rebellion! Your error is really amusing."

"As to that," replied the millionaire valet, "that matter has not yet been decided. You will yet have need of the discretion and wisdom which I suggested to you."

Diaz smiled, but said nothing.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AGITATION AND ADVERTISING.

Now the Appeal to Reason entered on the scene. It was a Socialist paper published in the United States, with a circulation of nearly half a million. It began to uncover conditions in Mexico, telling of the pitiable plight of the peons; of the rape of the republic by the Dictator; of the massacre of Juchitan; of strikes and how they had been crushed with an iron hand; of the fate of the Yaquis; of American invasion of and investment in Mexico; and of how the American press had hidden these things from the world. Editions of more than a million were printed and distributed. The exposure created a decided sensation. The Chicago Daily Socialist, the New York Call, Wilshire's Magazine, the Miners' Magazine, Cleveland Citizen and a dozen other Socialist and labor papers joined in the agitation. The matter began to be copied and commented on in Europe. Mother Jones, veteran of a thousand battles, took the field, sowing the light. Louella Twining, the beloved heroine of the Colorado labor war, enlisted in the new cause which was a continuation of the old. Debs, the eloquent tongue of labor, raised his voice in protest. The Political Refugee Defense League, which had been organized to combat the new president's tendency to turn Russian refugees back to the bloody czar, as evidenced by more than a hundred cases, came to the aid of the imprisoned Mexicans.

"In trying to confine the fires to Mexico," arose the cry of Antonio Villareal, "Diaz has scattered them abroad over two nations."

Such things had not been told in America before. The capitalists who had had their way in the southern "republic" were astonished.

The capitalist press came out with denials and denunciations. In response, the Appeal showed how these papers were merely defending their own property interests in

Mexico, having been granted concessions and other favors by the Dictator, and hence were incapable of presenting a correct report of things. Pablo Pueblo was shown to have been right, and Diaz sat appalled at the new situation. He could neither understand it or see how to meet it.

Following this Carlo de Fornaro, artist and author who had lived in Mexico, published a book in which he set forth the horrors that country endured, and the American people bought and read his book. The sentiment of the people of the United States began to change, and, from being regarded as a great and benevolent ruler, Diaz was ranked with the tyrant of Russia. It was shown that the department of labor in this country was advertising to supply Mexican labor to farmers, railroads and such as would apply for it, and that thousands of Mexicans were already working in the United States at prices far below what Americans received.

Finally the American Magazine took up the matter and printed a series of articles by John K. Turner, De Lara's companion, exposing what it termed "Barbarous Mexico." In vain did Diaz threaten libel suits and boycotts. The publication proceeded just the same.

All this was having its effect, not only in the United States, but in Mexico as well. Through the press and the unions demand was made on the American government that the same refuge be afforded to political agitators which in other days was accorded to Kossuth and Pulaski. Demand was made that the government refuse to deliver to the Dictator escaped peons, even as various states had in the past refused to deliver to the masters escaped slaves from the south. Denunciation of the federal spies and the Pinkertons who were aiding Mexican authorities in apprehending political exiles was boldly made. In Mexico the vast circulation that had been given to reports which the revolutionists there had so long struggled in vain to exploit, awakened hope and enthusiasm such as had not been known there for years. The secret press began work again. Though the president of the *junta* was in prison, his martyrdom awakened thousands who before had been indifferent. The situation was really alarming to Diaz, more so

than at any time during his incumbency of the office.

"What were best to do?" he asked of Pueblo.

"Send for Violeta and let us discuss the situation," was the reply.

The nuncio was called and the matter laid before him.

"The church," said the nuncio, "is, as Senator Hanna pointed out, best able to combat the agitation of the Socialists. It is a world-wide institution, and can be of great aid to you in rehabilitating you in the United States. Already we are doing great things against Socialism there. Now we have great things we can do for you. If it was the press which awakened this opposition, then the press is strong enough to stifle it. We must have the united support of the press of Mexico and the United States."

"How can this be secured? It will cost immensely."

"It will cost you nothing—now. Your birthday, your excellency, is the 16th of September."

"It is."

"That, too, is the birthday of the president of the United States, Judge Daft. It is also the day which the Mexican people celebrate as their independence day. If we could get Judge Daft to come to Texas to meet you there on that day, it would make an event that would be written about by every paper in the two republics if not throughout the whole world. The fact that it celebrated Mexican independence would sound well. The fact that Judge Daft would meet you and speak of you as one of the greatest men of history, would, under these circumstances, give you advertisement a hundredfold greater than the Socialist press has given you in an adverse way, and would completely rehabilitate you before the world."

The beady eyes of the president twinkled. The advertisement promised by this movement appealed to him strongly, and the dramatic effect of it he did not underestimate. It was what Nicholas had sought in visiting Edward in England. "Can it be effected?" he asked.

"I am sure of it. Judge Daft will not refuse anything in reason which I propose to him, because he realizes what we may be able to do for him in aiding or crippling his administration and also in the matter of a second term."

"In the meantime," suggested Pueblo, "it would have a good effect in counteracting the adverse publications, for President Diaz to announce that he would welcome an opposition party that was loyal to Mexico and Mexican institutions. It would be within itself a complete answer to all that has been said against him."

"The idea is commendable," assented Violeta. "All that is required is intelligent action, but action."

In accordance with this advice, President Diaz appeared in an interview in which he said that at last his discipline had borne the fruit he designed, and that the Mexican people showed signs of being able to govern themselves. For this reason he would welcome an opposition party which was loyal to Mexico and not be subversive of civilization and security. At the same time the nuncio was dispatched to Washington to make arrangements for the *coup* that would give him greater advertising than ruler had ever received before.

CHAPTER XXV.

GATHERING SHADOWS.

"THEY HAVE taken the old man at his word," said Violeta to an American prelate while he was in Washington, "and Reyes is daring to come out as a candidate for vice president against the man that Diaz has chosen for the place."

"Yes, the shadows are gathering about the head of Diaz," responded the prelate. "In addition to the agitation of the proletarians, now the middle class of the United States, is feeling it can no longer stand for him and his methods; and even in Mexico they dare to suggest a popular choice for office. With both the working class and the middle class in rebellion, and with the Dictator standing in the valley of the shadow, there is sure to be an interesting situation in Mexico soon."

"This is the reason that Diaz insists on his own choice as candidate for vice president. It is demanded by American investors, as assurance of protection to their interests in case of his death, that the man who handled so ably the Yaqui matter be placed in line to succeed the aged Diaz."

"I do not think Diaz is as apprehensive of natural death, even at his age, as he is of assassination. They tell me that he is constantly surrounded by a strong guard, and that he is really afraid to leave his capital."

"More than that, he has his fortune in cash and keeps a ship in readiness, so that he could leave the country at a moment's notice. He has been studying the flight of Castro and of Abdul Hamid, and is prepared to follow their example if it should at any time be necessary. I am satisfied that he is in a state of absolute terror."

"The visit of President Daft may restore his prestige."

"It may. But it is more likely to call attention to the commercial opportunities open in Mexico and at the same time inspire the people with the feeling that the present order there is almost at an end. It is likely to set them to

thinking what to do next. It may lead to a demand for protection of American interests by the soldiers of Uncle Sam, which would mean more territory. Our future lies with the Anglo-Saxon, I am satisfied of that."

Then the two men put their heads close together and talked in undertones.

When the candidacy of General Reyes was announced, Diaz was thrown into a rage. He sent for Pueblo, and bitterly complained of the result of his advice in offering freedom of political action. The next thing he did was to send troops to Guadalajara, where meetings had been announced favoring the candidacy of the popular soldier. These meetings were promptly suppressed as being inimical to public peace. Then speakers were sent down to present the government's side of the situation. This was on suggestion of Pueblo, who still hoped to conciliate the people. But they, maddened at the suppression of their own speakers, and with the quick temper of the Spaniard, threw missiles at the speakers.

"This," said Diaz, "is proof that the Mexican people are not yet ready for self-government."

So he ordered a general arrest of the supporters of Reyes. The people resisted and built barricades. Then the soldiers began their work, fired on the people and killed many of them. Over five thousand persons were arrested and thrown in prison, many of them being sent to Belem and San Juan de Ulea. One of the liberal editors fled, but his office was wrecked, and his wife was torn from her seven children, including a babe at the breast, and sent to Belem. A student at the Ohio state university, then in Mexico, who had participated in the liberal meetings, was called from his room to talk over the situation with the soldiers, and the next morning his body was found, riddled with bullets. The same tactics were pursued in other localities where the opposition candidate showed strength. Reyes asked an interview with the president, but, though he had one time been in his cabinet, was denied. On the other hand, his resignation as governor, a position he held, was requested from the federal authorities. Great was the astonishment when he declined to resign. It was only the fact that he

was popular with the army which prevented his arrest. the governor of one of the states was asked to resign, but declined. He visited the capital and presented the matter to the president, quoting the words that opposition that was loyal would be welcomed, and when he returned to his own capital presented his resignation to the legislature. The legislature passed a resolution to the effect that it was competent to run the affairs of the state. For reply troops were hurried to the capital where the legislature was in session, and then, with an army surrounding the place of its meeting, that body accepted the resignation of the governor. A supporter of the president's policies succeeded by appointment. Officers in other sections of Mexico who favored the candidacy of General Reyes were turned out and Diaz men placed in their stead.

Then the supporters of Reyes were astonished to read that he was selling his property at any price and preparing to move to Europe.

"If an old soldier like Reyes can be intimidated in this way, then there is no hope for liberty in Mexico," sorrowfully said one of his supporters in Guadalajara.

"Now," said the president, "we are in control of the situation again. Our friends are in a position where they can see that the right men are elected."

In the United States a certain number of the big papers approved. One of the leading republican papers of the west said: "That President Diaz has pursued the only course open to him to accomplish the desired results is evident. The masses of the people of Mexico are not yet ready for the free ballot and political liberty."

Another paper declared: "Clearly the fate of Mexico is annexation. Diaz, however, will have his day then, conquest from the north. But who will be the conqueror? What Aaron Burr foreshadowed and attempted a hundred years ago must soon be accomplished."

Meanwhile, the same doctrines of Machiavelli and Nietzsche which had encouraged Diaz were being taught to the common people both in Mexico and the United States, not by Socialists, but by those who believed in the opposite of Socialism, individualism. The teaching to the

people read: "The guarded treasure hall and iron-clad temples of modern kings and presidents, high priests and millionaires are positively the richest the world has ever known. Bulging are they with vast hoards of silver and diamonds and gold. Here, then, is opportunity on a large scale. Here is the goal of the Cæsars, Nebuchednezars and Napoleons in the days that are coming. All is ready and prepared for them, even as in olden times. Cæsar carried off the treasures of Egypt, Greece, Gaul and Rome. Napoleon looted the money vaults of Venice, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin and Moscow. London only escaped him. Nebuchednezar plundered the temple of Zion, where the Jews kept all their deposits, and drank his wine out of Jehovah's pots of gold. Napoleon, Cæsar, Nebuchednezar—three great men. And in this their greatness consisted—they seized their opportunities."

"With foes all around us," said Diaz below his breath while he at once smiled and wept, "the thing to do is to strike and strike hard."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MEETING OF THE PRESIDENTS.

THE CELEBRATION of Mexican independence and the celebration of the birthday of the two presidents had been postponed for a month because circumstances prevented their meeting until that date. But this was all right, because the great can do anything, even to changing their birthdays. Victoria and Edward of England had done it, and why not Daft and Diaz?

Judge Daft had come from a tour of the United States that had covered more ground than a trip around the world, Socialists and Mexican revolutionists being arrested before him and jailed in the towns he approached. He was soon to visit for recreation the 160,000-acre ranch of his brother farther up the coast. When he arrived at El Paso, state and county laws were set aside and military law took their place. Ropes fenced in the sidewalk, and from early dawn no one was allowed on the streets—none but the soldiers. John Murray, of the Political Refugee League, was thrust into an unsanitary cell. Detectives and plain clothes men were everywhere. Even the citizens thought best to remain at home.

Diaz came in special train to the quaint little Ciudad Jaurez, where the great president had awaited in vain for American aid in his struggle against despotism, bringing his gold mounted carriage, the wonderful china plate of the Maximillian administration, two car loads of flowers and a car of bunting, lest there might lack the appearance of rejoicing. The flags were given out, and soon the streets were aflutter with the Mexican colors. Peons and revolutionists who had dared to remain in town were arrested and hidden away. Soldiers lined the river on both sides, standing stiffly in the warm sunlight, listening to the murmur of the stream, *el dulcissimo murmurar del aroyo.*

“Think of them celebrating Mexican independence!”

said a Greaser on the North Side in low tones to another. They had to be guarded in their speech.

"There are a million men in Mexico," was the reply of the American addressed, "who I suppose would gladly lay down their lives if they could but assassinate Diaz."

"Nonsense. Diaz may believe it, but 'tis false. Ten million men hate him and his ways, but they leave him to nature. His race is nearly run, and when he dies, the hand of tyranny will relax on the throats of the poor."

"But the same things happened in America as in Mexico. Have we not slums that rival the condition of your peons? Have we not convicts who are practically peonized and brutally whipped? Is there not graft in the United States?"

"Certainly. These things go with the system. They are only intensified in Mexico from the fact that in that country the Anglo-Saxon, the Spaniard and the Indian met."

"But are the people of Mexico, with the varying tribes and half civilization, fit to rule themselves?"

"The excuse for tyrants is always that the people are not fit to rule themselves. There are many tribes and nationalities in the United States, it might be urged that they are not fit to rule themselves."

"They tell me," remarked the American in low tones to the other, "that the Dictator is so sensitive to criticism he declares it a scandal that the peons wear no breeches, thus causing adverse criticism. The next thing we know he will compel the peons to starve a little more in order that they may appear a bit more respectable to critical Americans."

"How is Diaz?" a northern man asked a Texan as he stood in the street, awaiting the meeting of the two presidents.

"The greatest man who ever lived. Pity we haven't one like him in the United States," was the reply.

"I hear he is severe on the peons and the revolutionists."

"Of course he is. That shows his greatness. The Greaser is a low order of being, just like the nigger, and the only thing to do with him is to keep him in his place."

Across the river in Mexico they awaited the ceremony of celebrating independence. The old bell of liberty, which had been rung by Hidalgo in the little church at Dolores as a signal for the uprising of the people in 1810, had been brought on the presidential train from the palace at Chapultepec in order that the ceremony might be appropriately observed. When the hour drew near, the streets were thronged under the scorching sun with merchants, soldiers and civil officers. Double lines of soldies were formed from the presidential train to the customs house, which had been practically rebuilt at a cost of \$50,000 for the occasion. The street before had been paved, Grecian pillars had added to the architecture of the occasion, and now a car load of white and yellow flowers had been used in decorating the building without and within. The gold adorned *cache* of the president approached in gorgeous formality, attended by a strong guard of soldiers. The breast of Diaz was covered with decorations, and there was something of mediaeval pomp in the proceedings. He approached the customs house, he descended from the carriage, he ascended the steps, while the people cheered, flags waved and cannons boomed. Seizing a Mexican flag, he stepped before the liberty bell, which occupied the porch of the customs house, and gave it a tap with a hammer, the bell ringing clear. Then he pronounced the *grito*, the Mexican cry of independence, "*Viva la independencia!*" and the people broke into cheers, whistles blew, cannons boomed, fireworks hissed and cracked.

"It was here," said the president, "that Bonito Juarez made his capital when he was an exile from Mexico City. It was here that he waited for aid from America when America was unable to aid. It was here that the friars of another century built the cathedral of Guadaloup, from which they pressed with civilization and the cross to the land north of the Rio Grande. Jaurez's old capitol has become the postoffice where the mails are exchanged between the two nations. We celebrate here the independence which Jaurez thought was gone. We are shortly to meet the president of the United States at the place where

it was thought that America had deserted us. Thus do the years bring us progress."

"But independence does not mean liberty," whispered a revolutionist to another, who heard and was not suspected.

An hour later the *cache* of the president, attended by his personal staff with Pueblo at the head and a large body of soldiers to either side, was driven at double quick to the international bridge, and across. On the American shore they were met by the staff of the American president and a body of American soldiers, who formally welcomed the Mexican visitors and escorted them to the chamber of commerce, amid a blare of trumpets and the boom of artillery, where they were formally greeted by Daft. Less than a score of persons were permitted to witness the meeting; and then they went to a banquet which had been spread in the chamber of commerce. Though Diaz spoke English perfectly, each president conversed in his own tongue in a perfunctory way, the speech being interpreted back and forth. After the banquet, the Mexican president and his party was escorted with military pomp across El Chamizal to the bridge, and the party returned to Mexican soil. An hour later president Daft, his staff and body-guard, passed over the international bridge into Mexican territory and he in turn was greeted with cheers and booming of cannon. Escorted to the customs house, Daft was received by Diaz with pompous ceremony and formality and then conducted within, where another feast had been prepared. At the conclusion of the formal welcome the American president remarked:

"Would you grant me a favor of a half hour's interview?"

"With pleasure," replied the Mexican president in perfect English.

The two men accompanied by one Mexican and no American, entered a private apartment and talked.

"America is a great country," Diaz remaked. "I have done much for the people of your land, and still wish their good will. But you are becoming powerful, not only on the North, but also on the South, thus putting Mexico, as

it were, between two jaws. I would greatly appreciate the assurance that you have no designs on Mexico."

"Americans who have invested in Mexico," responded Judge Daft, "are very well satisfied with the stable government and the protection you have given them. So long as you are able to maintain such a government, I can assure you that the United States will have neither occasion or desire to interfere. We are glad to see that you appreciate the need of maintaining the order you have established, and are taking every means to provide a dependable successor."

"You may be assured that I will see that none other comes to power during my lifetime. But you must appreciate that the stability of Mexico is threatened by agitators who escape to the United States and carry on their work of disintegration from there. It would greatly facilitate my work of maintaining order if I had your co-operation in quieting this disturbing factor."

"You shall have that. There would be no occasion for the United States to worry over prospective disturbances if all the Latin American countries were as ably governed as is Mexico. Unfortunately such is not the case, as you well know. Already we are having threatened trouble in the canal zone because of a weak ruler. The world looks to us to maintain order, and where a government is incompetent we may be forced to interfere in the interest of world peace."

"I understand, your excellency. Mexico will do what she can in co-operating with you to maintain order in the countries south of us."

So ended the interview. It was the end of an epoch, the completion of a drama. But ever, as in nature, the curtain was ready to arise on a new drama even as it was falling on the old.

Cache—Carriage.

Grito—A popular cry.

El dulcísimo murmurar del arroyo—The very sweet babbling of the stream.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NEW DRAMA OPENS.

"ON OCTOBER 16, 1859," commented Mother Jones in a speech, "John Brown made his raid on Harper's Ferry. It was the beginning of the end of chattel slavery, and marked the coming into power of the Republican party. A little over a year from that date Lincoln, the emancipator, was elected president. On October 16, 1909, just fifty years later, a Republican president greets the man who enslaved fourteen million human beings. It is the way the Republican party celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the greatest event in its history, and could not have been more appropriately celebrated even by design. It marks the beginning of the end of peonage."

It was also the anniversary of the discovery of America, a discovery that had made Spain great; and some remembered that Columbus had been put in chains. It was only a few days after Spain, at the instigation of the clericals, had put Ferrer to death, and all the world was protesting. The stage was set for great things. But first came a farce, a sort of "The house that Jack built" affair.

"It was a great victory," remarked Diaz to Pueblo. "I shall now be able to secure the disturbers and silence them, even though they may escape across the Rio Grande." Pueblo shook his head. "Do you think," inquired the president, "that the American executive failed to show us proper respect, coming in citizen's clothes, shabby at that, instead of with military pomp, as did I?"

"That does not matter," replied Pueblo. "Judge Daft is merely a drummer for American capitalists, and wore the proper uniform for that character. That was not an insult to you. But Mexico is between the teeth of America. If we fail to satisfy her, the mouth may close."

And Judge Daft remarked to his private secretary: "It will be a great thing for America. We get the Isthmian lands, and Mexico's lease of life will depend wholly on

her ability to maintain order. The Dictator will hereafter be under dictation."

Some New York capitalists were talking over the great tour the president had made, when one of them remarked: "He is the most successful getter of business in the world today. We shall have our own way in Mexico, and besides, will have trade opportunities in the canal zone. For twelve years the Republican party maintained a military dictatorship in the South in an effort to find an opening for capital, but it resulted only in a South solid against commercialism. But Judge Daft in one trip opened the South, and the dozen southern millionaires that have been created in the past few months will help to open a rich region in Dixie to development. That, besides Mexico and Central America! It has been a great victory for us."

Violeta was discussing the meeting for which he had made arrangements, with an American prelate: "It means a triumph for the church," he said. "Not only was the American president guest with prelates throughout all the journey, thus adding to our immediate prestige, but the future of the Republican party, the future of the commercial development of America, the future of the Dictator in Mexico and of Mexican independence, all depend on favoring the church. Whatever happens we shall win. If Mexico maintains her independence, American capitalism must remember the aid we gave it. If the hand of Diaz fails and Americans come into possession of the continent to the isthmus, then the entire territory will be Catholic on ballot. It is fifty years from Lincoln to Daft. What we lost under Lincoln we gain under Daft. It is the greatest victory the church has gained in centuries."

"It means the end of Diazism," said the heroine of the revolution, Andrae Villareal. "If Diaz carries his campaign into the United States, the people of this country will rebel at it. If he does not and fails to maintain what capitalism calls 'order,' then America will interfere. The Dictator, in admitting a foreign people to his land, has been caught in the trap of his own making. Sooner or later the small capitalists who have invested in Mexico will begin to lose, and then they will join the agitators and revolu-

tionists, and the poor Mexican will not lift his voice alone."

So came the progressive statement—Diaz, Daft, capitalism, clericalism and revolution, each in turn claiming victory and each in turn drawing a larger and inclusive circle. At the same time things began to happen in accord with the agreements made; first, in giving the dictator opportunity to maintain order.

DeLara, the Mexican who had accompanied Turner in his visit to the slave regions of Mexico, was arrested and thrown into prison on order from Washington, charged with being an alien anarchist. Afterward it was shown that he was a Socialist organizer, and he was released. Carlo de Fornaro, author of the book on "Barbarous Mexico," was sued for criminal libel by a Mexican editor, and a brother of Judge Daft assisted in the prosecution. He was found guilty, not of libeling Mexico, but of libeling an individual, under laws which made it libel even if the publication was true, and sentenced to the tombs. Theresa Villareal, going with her father to the old estate in Mexico, was arrested and imprisoned, and the Mexican consul at El Paso secured the dismissal from work of her more revolutionary sister, Andrae Villareal. About the same time three American labor leaders, Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, were made amenable to jail sentence for contempt of court in advising a boycott on an unfair firm. Out at Spokane, Wash., 150 Industrial Workers of the World were arrested for street speaking, thrown in prisons so crowded they could neither sit or recline, fed on bread and water, and placed in bull-pens under negro soldiers and threat made to deport them. All over the land there seemed to be a concerted assault on labor, if not at the direction of Diaz, at least in his spirit. Cannon, a republican leader, came out in favor of disfranchising the negroes of the South, as a means of admitting the Republican party and capitalism to Dixie.

Then came Act II. Whether a natural development or the following of a cue, two Americans participated in a revolution in Nicaragua, and the president of that country promptly shot them. Though it may have been cruel and uncalled for, after the manner of feudal times, it was

nothing to what Diaz had done over and over again, even to the killing of Americans. But diplomatic relations were severed with Nicaragua, and a large fleet was sent to "protect American interests" there, while Mexico, free from criticism herself, acquiesced in the "maintaining of order" in the canal zone. An American protectorate or American conquest would give this country new territory to exploit, would strengthen her position in the eyes of the world, and would place Mexico where she would be at the mercy of the United States in case of disturbance, the Rio Grande wiped out by investment, and the land already invaded and occupied by Americans.

"So endeth the story," remarked the writer to a friend who had read the manuscript thus far.

"Impossible," declared the critic. "You lack two essential elements. There is no climax, and the action continues. There can be no ending here."

"You lack the discernment which sees, underneath the words, the fact that the cycle is completed. The dictator has come under the dictation of the capitalists, and, whether he remains in power or another succeeds him, still the Mexican president is no longer anything but a slave driver for his masters. In enslaving his people, Diaz has enslaved himself. He cannot escape the mastery of the trusts. His conquest of Mexico was not for himself or the Mexicans, but for the Americans. It has come so quietly that perhaps he may not see, even as you failed to see, the hidden working of the law. But some day he will know, and the knowledge will be his punishment. Ere long, in the process of nature, he will die, and then power and wealth will pass from his hands, and they who can no longer benefit from his services will have no reason to defend his fame. If such a situation should come about with a great outward show, like war or assassination, you would consider the story complete. It is none the less complete because it has come unobserved, through the quiet operation of the Great Law."

"Oh, I see you want to close with the wierd and mysterious."

"Not at all. I want only to show that real law may be broken, but never set aside. There is no clap-trap about it, like there might be in a general killing. The very quietness of the closing, when considered in connection with the stupendous results, constitutes the greatest possible climax. There is reserve strength in it."

"But the action—you leave everything unfinished."

"But I leave the Finisher. The Power which has brought retribution to Diaz remains, to bring about the destruction of evil and the establishment of righteousness, to complete the unities, both individually and socially. To close the book with all things apparently finished would be contrary to nature, while the fact that the way lies open for further action, coupled with the revealing of the quiet Force behind things, is assurance that in the end all will be well."

After Christianity

The New Religion and the Coming Kingdom

THIS is the title of a new book which I wish to issue during the year 1910. It is not a story, but a book of exceptional breadth and depth, involving thirty years of study and research into the various lines discussed, together with close personal contact with most of them.

It argues a general ripening of things that point to a world crisis at hand—the thing which the Bible calls the Judgment Day, but which has been misrepresented by imaginative interpretations. It considers the various forces at work at this time to affect the situation, and from an analysis of them brings out startling deductions. It shows that Socialism, one of these factors, is a perfect analysis of capitalist production, but that, because it is not a complete analysis of socialization, it must undergo changes and development. It shows that the scientific method of reasoning has been fostered by the exactitude required of a mechanical age, until it is sure to affect the result, but that at present it is not true to the exactitude it preaches and so will be forced to drop hypotheses and the unproven theories, including the doctrine of evolution of species as well as many other things. It shows that organized religion, under the influence of new methods of reasoning, will, as it is already beginning to do, cease to emphasize rites and ceremonies and unessential dogmas, and in doing this will come to a better understanding of the Christ-plan, which looked beyond the heavenly calling or Christianity to the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

These three mental contestants for world dominance

will necessarily clash, not because antagonistic in ideals, but because of material interests, and in the contest already in progress, will mutually affect each other. The law of the battle is this: After the contest a compromise.

Again: Capitalist production, being the most volatile and quick in action of any form of human organization, will be able to influence the general result. It may in the long run defeat the aims of altruism in all these movements, and in the interest of exploitation lead to the scriptural "time of trouble, such as never hath been from the foundation of the world." But this will constitute the essential idea of Judgment, and will overthrow evil for the coming of good. In the new order there will be: Fuller socialization than Socialism contemplates; complete scientific methods, both as to analysis and also as to life and production; the completion of religious unity and power in the universal Kingdom of Heaven on earth, rather than industrial democracy, and an ending of the preparatory work, Christianity; all of which was involved in the Christ-idea and plan.

The book is a close analysis, and as such is fearless and cutting. But it is not an attack on anything; more than this, by virtue of the author having been connected with all the movements and understanding their spirit from personal contact, it is thoroughly sympathetic. In developing these points there are analyses of many other things, such as world philosophies, "religions" and bibles, historical epochs, world-dominating ideas, etc., etc.

Following are a few extracts to illustrate the manner of treatment. The entire work will contain over three hundred pages and the book will sell at \$1 per copy. It is not in type. I want aid to print it, for it will cost at least \$500; therefore, I ask YOU to send in your sub on the blank at back, payable when book is ready for press, sending no money now. See blank at back.

THE NEW RELIGION.

I. IT IS ALREADY HERE.

1. The "New Religion" is already here, beginning to

find expression in a world-impulse. It was grown out of the world impulse that preceded it—that is, the commercial idea; therefore, it is legitimate and connects with the past. But the child has not yet been named; that is, it has not been expressed in words. Neither has it learned yet to consciously connect with its forbears and the environments that surround it; that is, it is not yet en rapport with Christianity and with all the religious impulses that preceded it, nor does it harmonize with the rationalism of the day. In other words, it has no name, and lacks yet an essential education which will come later on; but it exists. If I were asked to name it I would call it the Social Impulse. It is the natural and inevitable offspring of commercialism, whose province it was to discover the world and put it into close relationship. The commercial impulse, which has been the essential religious expression of the last five centuries, conceived the social idea more than a century ago, when government was socialized. That idea has been developing in the minds of men, growing into socialized roads, schools, courts, and such like, until it is now in the minds and hearts of millions, an actual new social order. This mental and spiritual impulse is the new religion, or, more correctly speaking, the new expression of religion. Yet it doesn't understand itself as yet, nor is it understood. While it will make the world anew according to its own plan, it must fulfill that which has gone before or it will not be true. It must be conservative of past and present good, or its radicalism will be vain. But it will be adequate.

2. Religion is ever that which it seeks. Under Moses it was the impulse to escape slavery and obtain a rich land to possess. Under the Jewish kings it was "to be as other nations" and try man-rule. Under Christianity, it was a spiritual contest or "election of grace" preparatory to establishing the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Since the discovery of America this has been, of necessity, modified and dominated by commercialism. As such it has made the world one, so that, even now, there is really but one world-impulse, namely, the commercial. And this has not only brought the social impulse, but it has also prepared

the world for one impulse, for a world-religion, if you please. This in turn is the completion of the Christ-idea, and harmonizes with all other things.

3. The "religion" is already here. It is of no man's making. But it awaits development, a name and an understanding of itself.

II. CONFLICTING IDEAS.

1. The reason why the new impulse is not yet able to go alone is because three nurses are seeking to mother and sustain it; three specialists, if you please, are trying to give it direction and coax it to go their way.

2. First of these is the old phase of religion—the spiritual aspect. It is unquestioned that the Christian church has for centuries made the spiritual the central phase of its agitation; and not only so, but the same is true of practically every other department of religious expression—the Mohammedan, Buddhist, and what-not. The spiritual expression has been universal.

3. Second of these specialists who are seeking to express the new phase of religion that is already here, are the rationalists, the naturalists and scientists. They are inadequate alone. They would to a large extent banish the spiritual phase and rewrite the Bible to conform to their own understanding of things.

4. Third of these specialists who are seeking, somewhat blindly, to express the new phase of religion, are the Socialists. This is the most vital of the three aspects, and really the essence of all.

5. All these as specialists unduly emphasize the phase they represent, yet each of these phases must have a place in the new expression of religion just as it has already a place in the new aspect of religion now in existence. The sharpness of antagonism which characterizes each must wear away before the new phase of religion can be adequately worded, admitting all to consideration, and being true to facts.

6. It is as impossible to formulate a "new religion" that shall stand of itself as it would be to create a child without parentage. The new expression of religion must

take into consideration the old expression out of which it was born, and connect with the spiritual phase and the Christ-idea, just as the child must recognize and resemble its parents and just as the new social order must connect with the old social order. That rationalism which would reject the Christ-plan and the supernatural (which is only the higher aspect of the spiritual) will find itself lacking an element without which it can be only religious atheism —for that is possible. At the same time the spiritual aspect which has been too "other-worldly," which has failed to see that under the Christ-plan an end of the spiritual call was contemplated from the first, that the spiritual call was only a part looking to better things beyond, and no human representative of Christ, no vicegerency is adequate, will find itself abandoned and marooned. There is a revolt against dogma, which must be considered in expressing the new aspect of religion in words; but the new dogmas of affirmations and of speculations said to be science will yet find themselves under the same ban that the old dogmas are. Thoughtful men are ceasing to care for discussions of baptisms, rites and doctrines that are unessential; but they will also doubt that all is mind, all is spirit, all is matter, and other dogmas of the rationalism and new school of religions and scientific expression. Again, there is a tremendous agitation for socialization; but the organized movement toward this is both unsocialistic and dogmatic. The impulse is an aspiration which must find place in the new statement of religion; but the revolt against dogma will yet reject in this unorganized feeling the doctrines that now are insisted on, and the effort to confine it to a party. This impulse will find ultimate expression in a demand for all good things for all creatures, and is, perhaps, the most vital aspect of the new religious expression that has yet manifested. But when it becomes fully rational it will reject both party and church as inadequate and necessarily partial and unsocial.

III. FULFILLMENT.

1. The new aspect of religion, then, will not stand

alone, neither will it be partial, but it will be a fulfillment of all that has gone before; it will be social and complete.

2. As a fulfillment it will be true to the Christ-idea, perhaps not to our idea of the Christ-idea, but to the real scriptural idea which prompted the most extensive and most lasting plan and propaganda the world has ever known. In doing this it will not be untrue to Buddhism, Zoroasterism or Mohammedanism, but will fulfill them, too. Be it remembered that there has been but one Christ-plan, but one who claimed to be Christ. Buddha and Zoroaster were teachers, philosophers, whose ideals in no way conflict with the Christ-plan. Mohammed was one who sought to his understanding to forward the Christ-plan. The Christ-plan is inclusive of all of these. It is also inclusive of the Jewish movement, of the Christian movement, of rationalism, of spiritual power, and of the Socialist ideal. It is political, involving a spiritual rule and the overthrow of man-rule. It is spiritual, involving the call to a higher state through new birth, and a spiritual rule of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is rational, in that it involves a return to natural law and the abrogation of artificial rules falsely called law. It is socialistic, in that it makes earth belong to the Creator, and all creatures, not man alone, heirs thereto; it involves also ultimate spiritual power for all. It is complete, because it considers both natural and spiritual needs, both man and beast, and salvation of earth itself from rigors of cold and heat and from conditions that are disagreeable. It must be considered, because it has been developing for four thousand years; it is world wide; it has progressed to where, according to its own forecast, its future rulers are all chosen, and where it can become effective.

4. Indeed, because there never has been but one plan which involved complete salvation for earth and all things therein. The new impulse, the new "religion," if you please, is an enlargement of that, just as Christianity was an enlargement of the Jewish plan. It is like a human being, who, while ever the same identity, varies as a baby, a child, a youth and a man.

5. Even if Jesus never should return to set up the

Kingdom of Heaven as he promised to do, even if there never was such a man, it will be necessary to fulfill the Christ-plan and to do ourselves the work which it lays out to do. It involves a return to natural life and an end to artificialities, including rule of one man over others. There can obviously be no end of subjugation until this occurs. Yet, with our long teaching to the contrary, a return to nature now would realize our worst fears of anarchy. It will be necessary, if there be no anointed, to bridge this chasm, to invent a spiritual rule which we shall uphold as authoritative, all-seeing and all-powerful as a restraint on the miseducated while we are breaking down our artificialities and ending the subjugation of one by another. No other plan is complete enough, or is adequate.

THE CHRIST PLAN.

III. CHRISTIANITY.

1. Indeed, there is no scriptural authority for Christianity. The term came as a word of derision, applied first at Antioch. Throughout Acts the organization is called "the church," without specification of "Christian," and the followers are termed "disciples" or "they of this Way." Of course, the name does not amount to much, except as it leads to results or misconceptions. But accepting the term of Christian led to a limiting of the plan to what might be involved in the office of "Christ" and therein the name became bad. Where the plan involved a future "reign on the earth" a "new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," accepting a name that could not cover all this naturally limited the whole work to a presentation of the narrow way, which was only the beginning of the work. The social aspect of the gospel was forgotten.

2. There can be no "Christian" religion, just as there can be no "Christian" science and no "Christian" intellect. There never have been these things. There is a Christ-plan, there has been a Christian theology and a Christian church, but religion, being a faculty that existed prior to

even the Bible, is neither Christian, Buddhist, Mohammedan or Pagan. It is merely religion. It may be variously developed in various people; it may have different characteristic in different ages, in different nations; but it is still religion. It may be enlightened or superstitious, the highest attribute of man, or the most bigoted and vicious element possible, still it is religion. There having been no "Christian" religion, no Buddhist religion, all should feel themselves free to accept a new interpretation which presents at once a fulfillment and more abundant opportunity. If Jesus Himself had not set a limit to the propaganda he organized, the propaganda which learned to call itself Christianity—in the words, "This gospel of the kingdom must first be preached throughout all the world for a witness, and then shall the end (of it) come"—we might question the new work; but with these words before us, and with an understanding that the plan of salvation includes several aspects, we ought not to oppose the new impulse that is stirring the world.

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